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Katie,
from Cousin Mary.

THE YARD AT MARY BELL'S.

MARY BELL;

A FRANCONIA STORY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ROLLO BOOKS.

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PREFACE.

The development of the moral sentiments in the human heart, in early life,—and every thing in fact which relates to the formation of character,—is determined in a far greater degree by sympathy, and by the influence of example, than by formal precepts and didactic instruction. If a boy hears his father speaking kindly to a robin in the spring,—welcoming its coming and offering it food,—there arises at once in his own mind, a feeling of kindness toward the bird, and toward all the animal creation, which is produced by a sort of sympathetic action, a power somewhat similar to what in physical philosophy is called *induction.* On the other hand, if the father, instead of feeding the bird, goes eagerly for a gun, in order that he may shoot it, the boy will sympathize in that desire, and growing up under such an influence, there will be gradually formed within him, through the mysterious tendency of the youthful heart to vibrate in unison with hearts that are near, a disposition to kill and destroy all helpless beings that come within his power. There

is no need of any formal instruction in either case. Of a thousand children brought up under the former of the above-described influences, nearly every one, when he sees a bird, will wish to go and get crumbs to feed it, while in the latter case, nearly every one will just as certainly look for a stone. Thus the growing up in the right atmosphere, rather than the receiving of the right instruction, is the condition which it is most important to secure, in plans for forming the characters of children.

It is in accordance with this philosophy that these stories, though written mainly with a view to their moral influence on the hearts and dispositions of the readers, contain very little formal exhortation and instruction. They present quiet and peaceful pictures of happy domestic life, portraying generally such conduct, and expressing such sentiments and feelings, as it is desirable to exhibit and express in the presence of children.

The books, however, will be found, perhaps, after all, to be useful mainly in entertaining and amusing the youthful readers who may peruse them, as the writing of them has been the amusement and recreation of the author in the intervals of more serious pursuits.

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ENGRAVINGS.

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THE

FRANCONIA STORIES.

ORDER OF THE VOLUMES.

MALLEVILLE.	RODOLPHUS.
WALLACE.	ELLEN LINN.
MARY ERSKINE.	STUYVESANT.
MARY BELL.	CAROLINE
BEECHNUT.	AGNES.

SCENE OF THE STORY.

Franconia, a place among the mountains at the North. The time is summer.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

Mrs. Henry, a lady residing at Franconia.

Alphonzo, commonly called Phonny, her son; nine years old.

Malleville, Phonny's cousin from New York; seven years old.

Wallace, Malleville's brother, a college student, visiting Franconia in his vacations.

Mary Bell, Malleville's friend, residing with her mother, in a retired place at a little distance from Mrs. Henry's. She is twelve or thirteen years old.

Caroline, a young lady of the village, nearly of the same age with Mary Bell.

Parker, a village boy.

Antonio Bianchinette, commonly called Beechnut, a French boy, about thirteen years old, living at Mrs. Henry's.

MARY BELL.

Chapter I.

Birds.

The freshet. A bridge carried away.

ONE summer when Malleville was about eight years old, and Mary Bell a little more than fourteen, it happened that in the month of June there was a very heavy and long continued rain, which caused the river that flowed through the valley in front of Mrs. Henry's house, where Malleville lived, to overflow its banks, and spread its waters in every direction over the meadows. All the brooks, too, which descended from the mountains alone, became roaring torrents, exhibiting everywhere splendid spectacles of white cascades among the rocks, and boiling whirlpools in the eddies. At one place where a brook flowed under a bridge, the water rose so high as to lift the bridge off from its abutments, and float it away down the stream. The abutments of a bridge are the two

structures of stone-work, one on each bank, on which the ends of the bridge rest for support. The workmen usually build the abutments of bridges as high as they suppose is necessary to prevent the possibility, even in the highest floods, of the structure above being reached by the water. The abutments proved, however, not to be high enough in this case, and the bridge was carried away. As for the roads, they were in many places entirely overflowed, especially when they passed near the river. At these points the roads were for a day or two wholly impassable.

Mrs. Henry's house, where Malleville lived at this time, was not very far from the river, and was at some distance above the village—perhaps about a mile. The house where Mary Bell lived with her mother, was also about a mile from the village, by a back road. There was a sort of cross-road, winding pleasantly among the vallies, which led from near Mrs. Henry's to Mary Bell's.

Malleville had had an invitation to go and spend the afternoon with Mary Bell, just at the time when the great rain-storm came on. The rain prevented her going. The storm which commenced on Tuesday, continued for two

days, and then Malleville was obliged to wait one day more for the waters to subside, and for the roads to become dry. At length, on Friday morning, Mrs. Henry thought it would be safe for Malleville to go. Malleville wished to go by the cross-road, it was so romantic and wild. Phonny was to go with her.

When the time arrived, Mrs. Henry concluded to let Beechnut go with the children, as Phonny, being about ten years old, and much more remarkable for his self-confidence and courage, than for judgment and discretion, could not be relied upon for getting Malleville safely along, in case they should encounter any difficulties on the way, resulting from the overflow of the streams. Beechnut was at work at this time in the garden. Phonny, accordingly, went to call him. So Beechnut left his work, came to the house, and they all set off together.

They had not gone very far before they came to a place where there was a high and steep sand-bank by the side of the road, with a number of swallow's nests in it.

The swallow is a bird which, besides its other striking peculiarities, is very remarkable for the variety and oddity of its fancies in respect to

places for building its nests. One tribe builds under the eaves of barns. Their nests are made of mud, which they form into rounded masses close under an eave, or a cornice, in a barn,—hollow within, and with a round hole for an entrance. They line the inside, of course, with soft and fine straws and feathers. Others go within the barn—entering at some open window, or by any chink or crevice where they can gain admission—and build their nests under or upon the rafters of the roof. Others take possession of chimneys,—of which they fortunately find many vacant of smoke and disused, in the season in which they build their nests,—and there in some angle or other, among the soot and ashes, they contrive to build their little round mud cabins. Others still, dig deep holes, horizontally, in the face of a perpendicular sand-bank, and make a little nest of straw and feathers at the end of it. These last are called bank-swallows.

Now it happened that a party of bank-swallows had taken possession of the bank already referred to, which was situated at the entrance of the cross-road, which led to Mary Bell's. There was a house pretty near, where there lived a boy named regularly Alfred; though

the name by which he was most commonly known, was Hal.

When Beechnut and his party came in sight of this sand-bank, they saw Alfred and another boy at play upon it. These boys had cut steps with a case-knife, in the hardened sand which formed the face of the bank, and by this means had climbed up to one of the swallow's holes, and now seemed to be busy doing something or other there: but just before Beechnut arrived at the spot, they came down again, and began to saunter carelessly along the road.

"Hallo, Hal!" said Phonny, as soon as he came near. "What have you been doing there?"

"Stopping up a swallow's hole," said Hal.

As he said this, he stopped by the side of the road, and stood gazing with an air of stupid curiosity upon Beechnut's party, as they were walking by. He held the case-knife in his hands. The other boy came up to the place, and proved to be a boy named Jemmy Gordon, or rather a boy called Jemmy Gordon;—for his name, properly speaking, was James.

"What did you stop it up with?" asked Phonny.

"Oh, with a bit of a sod," said Alfred.

"Are the swallows in there?" asked Malleville.

"I don't know," said Alfred. "They have got a *nest* in there."

"Then Chippeday was right, after all," said Beechnut.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jemmy.

"Why last evening," said Beechnut, "just before sundown, as I was coming along home from the village, there were two swallows playing round here. By-and-by they stopped their play, and lighted on the fence, and began to talk about where would be a good place to make a nest. One's name was Twit, and the other's name was Chippeday."

The children gathered up nearer to Beechnut as he thus commenced his story, and stood listening with grave and earnest attention.

"'Let's make the nest in this bank,' says Twit. 'No,' says Chippeday, 'see that house out there!' 'And what of that house,' says Twit. 'There's a boy lives there,' says Chippeday. 'That's nothing,' says Twit. 'We'll make our nest so high in the bank that he can't reach it.' 'He'll climb up,' says Chippeday. 'Then we will dig so far into the bank that he can't reach *in*,' says Twit, 'if he does climb

up.' 'He'll contrive some way or other to tease us,' says Chippeday, 'you may depend.'

THE BANK SWALLOWS.

"When the swallows had talked so far," continued Beechnut, "they stopped, and did not seem to know what to say next. I stood perfectly still all the time for fear that I should frighten them away. Presently says Twit,

"'Hasn't the boy got a house to live in?' 'Yes,' says Chippeday. 'And a good bed to sleep in?' says Twit. 'Yes,' says Chippeday. 'And a pillow to put his head upon?' says

Twit. 'Yes,' says Chippeday. 'And a father and mother to take care of him?' says Twit. 'Yes,' says Chippeday. 'Well;' says Twit, 'it can't be possible that a boy who has, for himself, a good house to live in, and a good bed to sleep in, and a pillow to lay his head upon, and a father and mother to take care of him, can begrudge a pair of swallows one little hole in a bank, with a few straws and feathers in it for a nest, which they only want for three or four weeks, just till they get their little swallows big enough to fly.'

"Just as Twit finished saying these words," continued Beechnut, "she sprang forward, touched Chippeday a little tap on the top of his head with the tip of his wing, as he flew, just for fun, and Chippeday sprang after him. Away they went, first up in the air, then down to the ground—this way and that way, and round and round. First Twit chased Chippeday, and then Chippeday chased Twit, and then they flew straight forward together, to see which could fly the farthest. Twit came up to the bank and danced against a little hollow in it, where she thought there was a good place to begin a nest, and when she had made a few scratches there, away she went again, Chippe-

day after her. When she had flown about a while longer, racing and chasing with Chippeday, she came back again and dug in a little farther into the bank, and then away she whirled again, shooting through the air like an arrow. And so finding that they were not going to work very steadily, I went along."

"Is that all?" said Malleville, when she found that Beechnut made a pause.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "only that I thought at the time, that Twit had the best of the argument in respect to a boy's begrudging a pair of swallows their little nest, but it seems that Chippeday was right, after all."

So saying Beechnut began to walk on, Malleville and Phonny followed him, while Alfred and James remained standing in the road, in the same attitude as while they were listening to the story.

"*Caroline* has got a bird," said Malleville.

Caroline was a young lady of the village. She was about fourteen years of age, and lived in a very handsome house. Malleville had often been to pay her a visit.

"It is a Canary bird," continued Malleville.

"Shut up in a cage?" asked Beechnut.

"Yes," said Malleville, "a beautiful cage."

The party sauntered along slowly a few steps farther, when Malleville said,

"Beechnut, I wish you would go and let those poor swallows out, that the boys stopped up in the hole."

"No," said Beechnut, "not yet."

And so he walked on a little farther.

He turned, occasionally, to look round at the boys, and presently he stopped entirely. Phonny and Malleville looked back too. They saw that Jemmy had gone to the bank, and was at work at the swallows' hole. Alfred remained where he had been, in the road: and they heard him call out to Jemmy in an undertone, "*I wouldn't.*"

Jemmy seemed to pay no attention to Alfred, but he looked toward Beechnut when he saw that Beechnut had stopped.

"Beechnut," said he, "I have let them out."

"I am glad of it," said Beechnut.

"You see," said Beechnut, speaking now to Malleville and Phonny, "the difference between Hal and Jemmy. They are both of them bad boys, and always in mischief; and Jemmy is the worst of the two, that is, he does the most mischief. But when he finds that he is in the wrong road, he turns about at once like a man,

openly and honorably. But Hal goes on, and either does not turn at all, or waits until he can get a chance to turn when people are not looking at him."

So saying they walked along. In due time they arrived in sight of the house where Mary Bell lived, without having encountered any serious difficulty on account of the water. The brooks and streams were, however, all very high, and at one place Beechnut left the road, and took Malleville and Phonny quite a distance along a rocky path by the side of a brook, to show them a cascade.

When they arrived in sight of Mary Bell's house, Beechnut said,

"Now you are safe for the rest of the way, so good-bye. If Mary Bell shows you her pictures, Malleville, take one good look at them for me: and if you find a butterfly's nest in the garden, don't give the little butterflies too much cake."

"No," said Malleville, very seriously. "I won't."

"Nor eat too much yourself," said Beechnut.

So saying Beechnut went away.

The house which Mary Bell lived in was not very large, but it was very pleasant, and very

pleasantly situated. It was in a retired place in the middle of a valley, and was surrounded by trees and gardens. There was an ancient stone wall in front of the house, grey with moss and age, and half enveloped in shrubbery. There was a small gateway in this wall; with a pathway from it that led to the house.

Phonny opened the gate, and he and Malleville went through, and thence advanced along the path towards the house. They saw nobody, but the front door was open. Phonny, standing with Malleville upon the step, before the door, knocked upon the side-post, but nobody came.

"You must knock louder," said Malleville. "They don't hear you."

Phonny knocked again, but not much louder than before.

"I do knock as loud as I can," said he. "It is because my knuckles are not hard enough.

"Let us get a stick," said Malleville.

Phonny looked about and found a stick. He knocked with it, louder than before, but still nobody came.

"I'll get a stone," said Phonny.

"No," said Malleville, "you must not get a stone; it will break the door."

"What shall we do then?" asked Phonny.

The back yard. The garden.

"I'll tell you," said he, after a moment's thought.

"We will go around to the other door."

So they went around the house to a very pleasant back yard. The yard was very green. There was a small garden by the side of the house, which Malleville said was Mary Bell's garden. There was a well at a little distance from the door, with a path leading to it through the grass. The door was open, as the front door had been, and Phonny went up to it and knocked. Nobody answered.

"Let's go in, said Phonny.*

So saying, he pushed boldly in, Malleville following him timidly.

They went into the entry, and then opened a door which ushered them into what was called the sitting-room. There was nobody there. They went into the kitchen. Every thing was in very nice order, but there was nobody there. From the kitchen they went out on a back-stoop, which looked towards a garden.

"Here they are," said Malleville.

Phonny looked where Malleville pointed, and saw Mary Bell and her mother, with Almira,

* See Frontispiece.

Mary Bell's grotto and the water-fall.

the girl who lived with them, coming through the garden. Mary Bell ran forward to welcome Malleville and Phonny. She seemed very glad to see them.

"We have been down to my grotto," said Mary Bell, "to see the water-fall. There is a great water-fall to-day, because the brook is so high." She then invited her visiters into the house.

Phonny wished to go to the grotto and see the water-fall, but Malleville chose rather to remain at the house, and look at some picture-books which Mary Bell had promised to show her. Accordingly, Phonny, who knew the way to the water-fall very well, ran off through the garden towards it, while Mary Bell took Malleville up into her room.

The picture-books were in a drawer. Mary Bell kept all her treasures in very careful order. She had a table by a window, where she wrote and read, and sewed, when she was in her chamber, and several drawers near by, where the various articles which she possessed were all classified and arranged. She had one drawer full of pictures and picture-books. She never allowed her visiters to go to her drawers by themselves, to get things from them, or even to ex-

plore their contents, but she went to them always herself, and took out a few things at a time, and showed those only to her company; so that every time her visiters came, there was something to show them which they had never seen before. Thus it seemed to Malleville, who had often been to visit Mary Bell, that the stores and treasures contained in those drawers were absolutely inexhaustible.

Malleville took the picture-books which Mary Bell gave her, while Mary Bell herself took her sewing, and then they went together down to the stoop. Mary Bell established herself in a chair, placing her work-basket upon a seat which had been built by the side of the stoop, while Malleville sat down upon the steps, and began looking over the picture-books, talking to Mary Bell from time to time about the pictures.

"Here is a picture of an elephant," said Malleville. "What does he want of such a long nose?"

"It is his *proboscis*," said Mary Bell. "He takes up things with it."

"Here is a picture of a horse," said Malleville. He has not got any proboscis, though, to be sure, his nose is pretty long. Why does not he have a proboscis to take up things with?"

"Because he can put his head itself down to the ground," replied Mary Bell, "and take them with his mouth."

"And why can't the elephant put *his* head down too?" asked Malleville.

"Because it is so large," said Mary Bell. "The elephant is very large, and his head is very large and very high up from the ground. If his head were at the end of a long neck, so he could let it down to the ground, I suppose he would find it very hard to get it up again."

"Oh, here is a picture of a bird," said Malleville. "Caroline has got a bird. Don't you wish that you had a bird?"

"I have got one," said Mary Bell. "There he is." So saying she pointed to a plum tree which stood beyond the fence on the other side of the yard, where there was a robin upon a branch, singing very merrily.

"Oh, but he will fly away pretty soon," said Malleville.

"True," said Mary Bell, "but then another one will come to take his place."

"*Exactly* the same place?" asked Malleville.

"Exactly the same place in my estimation," said Mary Bell.

Malleville did not understand this very well,

so she sat still a few minutes musing upon it, and then said,

"But Caroline's bird has got a cage."

"And some of my birds have got nests," rejoined Mary Bell, "and nests are better for birds than cages."

"I should like to see a nest," said Malleville.

"Well," said Mary Bell, "I will show you one. Come with me."

So saying, Mary Bell laid down her work, and taking Malleville by the hand, she led her by a little path through the grass around the corner of the house to a little retired nook, where, in a cool and sheltered place, there stood two or three small fir-trees.

"Softly;" said Mary Bell.

"Are the birds there?" asked Malleville.

"The little ones are there all the time," said Mary Bell, "and the great ones come sometimes to feed them. There comes one of the old birds now," she continued, pointing to the garden gate.

Malleville looked in that direction, and saw the bird—which was a large robin—standing upon the gate with something in his mouth. As soon as the robin saw Mary Bell and Malleville so near its nest, it flew back and forth among

Malleville climbs up to see the young robins.

the trees, and seemed uneasy. Mary Bell and Malleville stepped back out of the way. The bird flew to the nest. Mary Bell held Malleville up, but she could only get indistinct glimpses of the bird among the thick branches of the tree. Presently the robin flew away again. Then Mary Bell led Malleville up to the tree once more.

"Now we will climb up and see the nest," said she.

So she brought out some steps from the kitchen and placed them at the foot of the tree. Malleville climbed up. When she was on the topmost step she could look into the nest. There were three young robins in it. Two of them opened their mouths very wide. They heard the sound of Malleville's movements among the branches, and thought that it was their mother coming to feed them some more.

CHAPTER II.

THE GROTTO.

MARY BELL'S grotto was situated among the rocks upon the banks of a brook, which came running down through a wild but beautiful dell in the midst of the woods behind the house. It was at some little distance from the house, but there was a very good path leading to it. This path Mary Bell herself had made; that is, so far as it had been made at all—for in many places it passed along over smooth surfaces of rock, or along a shore of hard sand, where nothing artificial was necessary to make a good footway.

There was one thing peculiar about this path to the grotto, and that is, that it was always dry. The pleasure enjoyed by children, and especially by *girls*, in the country is, in most cases, very seriously restricted and impeded by the fact that the grass is wet so often, so that it is impossible to walk upon it. The dew, in summer mornings, lasts sometimes till nearly noon; and often after a shower of rain, in the afternoon, the drops of water remain treacher-

ously concealed in herbage and foliage for many hours after all smooth surfaces are dry. Mary Bell had, from this cause, often been kept at home, especially at those seasons of the year when the grass was luxuriant and high, and when, of course, it was most pleasant to be abroad; and Mary Bell's plan of making a path along the bank of the brook, originated at first in her desire to have a walk leading somewhere from her mother's house, of such a character that she could pass over it at all times, excepting when it was actually raining.

This object was very easily effected in going along the bank of the brook, for the way was very wild and rocky, and Mary Bell could lay out her road for a considerable portion of the distance, over smooth surfaces of rock, or along sandy and pebbly shores, where no grass or weeds were growing to intercept and hold the drops of rain and of dew. In some places, it is true, there were low bushes in the way, but these Mary Bell cut down, by means of a large pruning-knife which belonged to her mother. Higher bushes overhung the path in many places, but these she did not wish to disturb, for they made her walk cool and shady. It is true that the leaves and branches of these bushes

would become sometimes heavily laden with drops of rain and of dew,—but this Mary Bell thought was not of much consequence, since, if she walked along quietly under them, without touching or disturbing them in any way, there would be no danger, she thought, that the drops would fall down upon her.

Mary Bell found that the cutting down the low bushes with a pruning-knife, was rather hard work for her sometimes, for in many instances the stems of these bushes were pretty thick, and the wood quite hard. In fact, Mary Bell often wished that she had a brother to help her in some of her operations; but she had not, and it was, perhaps, on the whole, as well for her that she had not, for she enjoyed her grotto and the path which led to it, the more highly on account of having made them both herself, by her own patient and persevering industry.

In fact, a very little strength is sufficient to accomplish very great and important results if dexterously employed, and patiently and steadily continued. Beechnut, who came sometimes on errands to Mrs. Bell, gave Mary occasionally some very useful advice in regard to her operations. He showed her a way to bend over the top of a bush, and then to cut into the

stem with her pruning-knife, in such a manner as to cut off the stem most easily. He made her, too, what he called a *handspike*—which was a lever of wood, by means of which any one could easily pry and move the large flat stones, which lay upon the ground in various places. These flat stones Mary Bell contrived to move, by means of her lever, so as to make, in some places, a continued pavement of them, that was tolerably smooth, where the rocks beneath them were too rough and uneven to walk upon conveniently. In the same way, whenever she wished to have her path cross the bed of the stream, she would pry the large stones which lay in the water, some this way and others that, so as to make them answer for stepping-stones. In one case she actually built a bridge. It was at a spot where there was a large flat stone lying in the water. Mary Bell pried up this stone, first one end of it, and then the other, and supported these ends by other stones which she rolled underneath. In this manner, she at length raised the flat stone so high, that there was room beneath it for the passage of all the water of the brook, in ordinary times; though when the water was high, after showers of rain in the summer, or when

the snows were melting in the spring, this bridge was often wholly submerged.

Mary Bell did not make this road up the brook all at one time. It was the work, in fact, of her play hours and her play days, for more than two years. As she lived alone with her mother, and thus generally had no playmate in her leisure hours, she was compelled to rely upon her own resources for amusement; and whatever the plans might be which she adopted, she learned to pursue them with great perseverance and steadiness, and thus she accomplished in the end what would at first have seemed entirely impossible for such a child. She was but about ten or twelve years old when this work was done, for the making of the road, and of the grotto at the end of it, took place, it must be remembered, a long time before the period of Phonny and Malleville's visit to Mrs. Bell, which is described in the last chapter.

When Mary Bell first began to make her road, she had no thought of a grotto: her only object was to make a pleasant walk through the dell, along the banks of the brook, so that she could go there easily to see the waterfalls, or to sit upon the rocks and read, or take her

company there on Saturday afternoons to play. She found, however, at length, in a peculiarly wild and picturesque part of the dell, a place where she thought a grotto, such as she had read about in one of her story-books, might easily be made. It was a place in an angle of a rock, under an overhanging precipice, where by building a wall on one side, and that not very high, a pretty complete enclosure would be made, like a hut. She immediately resolved on undertaking this work; and by doing something upon it every time that she went to the brook to play, the work advanced very steadily, though slowly, until the grotto was made. She first rolled all the loose stones which lay upon the floor of the grotto, out of the way, selecting from them such as were suitable for building the wall, and laying them carefully in a line where the wall was to be, for a foundation. She afterwards carried up the wall to its proper height, that is, until it met the projecting rock overhead, which was to form the roof of her grotto. She made this wall very thick, and built it of flat stones, such as she found lying in great abundance scattered over the ground. The stones, being flat were not heavy, and yet they made, when well laid together, a very substan-

Mary Bell's working dress.

tial wall; and when it was built up to the roof of the grotto, and wedged in at the top by crowding in the upper stones very hard between the top of the wall and the sloping roof of rocks above, it formed a mass almost as solid as the rock itself.

It was a great many weeks after this wall was commenced before it was completed. At one time, in fact, Mary Bell thought that it never would be done; but she persevered, and finally finished it. Sometimes she had a little help from her companions and playmates, when they came to visit her, especially in the lighter kinds of work. The heavy work, such as carrying flat stones and laying them upon the wall, Mary Bell had to do herself alone, for she, only, was properly dressed for such labors. She had a coarse apron, and a pair of mittens of brown linen, which she had made expressly for her work about the brook; so that she could lift pretty heavy stones without doing either her hands or her proper dress any injury.

Mary Bell had, however, at last, a great deal of help from her playmates, in the light work which was required in the finishing of her grotto, after the wall was built. They collected for her great quantities of moss, from

various places up and down the brook, and this moss Mary Bell crowded in between the stones of the wall, both on the inside and outside, and also into the seams and crevices of the natural rock which formed the other two sides of it. This moss soon began to grow so as to fill the open spaces completely, and even in some degree to cover the stones themselves. This gave to the whole interior of the grotto a very agreeable aspect and expression, and brought the artificial side of the enclosure into keeping and harmony with the natural sides; so that the whole had very much the appearance of a small natural cave in the solid rock, with walls hung with moss instead of tapestry.

The floor of the grotto was, in its natural state, somewhat rough and uneven, and Beechnut one day recommended Mary Bell to pave it in mosaic. Mary Bell had never heard of a mosaic pavement; and she asked Beechnut what it was. He said that it was a pavement of different colored stones, arranged in some regular form so as to produce a pretty effect. He had seen magnificent mosaic pavements, he said, in France, before he came to America.

"But I don't know how to make a pave-

Beechnut's directions for making a mosaic pavement.

THE GROTTO.

ment," said Mary Bell. "I don't know how to fasten the stones."

"There will be no difficulty in that," replied Beechnut, "you have only to put them close together, and they will fasten themselves. First," continued he, "you must cover over the floor of your grotto with earth—"

"Where shall I get the earth?" interrupted Mary Bell.

"Oh, you must dig it out of a bank somewhere near, and bring it in some old basket.

Men or boys would move it with a wheelbarrow, but girls have to work with baskets."

"When you have carried earth enough into the grotto," continued Beechnut, "you must spread it over the floor, so as to make a smooth and level surface. You must then look up and down the brook, and get all the pretty stones that you can find."

"How large must they be?" asked Mary Bell.

"About as large as my fist," said Beechnut, doubling up his fist and showing it to Mary Bell.

Mary Bell shut her own hand in the same way, but she could not make it look much like a fist.

"It is not necessary to be very particular about the size of the stones," said Beechnut. "Find stones that have one end about as large as the palm of your hand; it is of no consequence if some are longer than the others, so as to extend farther down into the earth. You can dig away a little for the long ones, when you set them in their places, as the paviers do, in paving the streets of cities."

"When you have got the stones together," continued Beechnut, "you must sort them out

Beechnut promises more instructions bye and bye.

into separate parcels, according to their colors · the blue ones together, and the brown ones together, and so with the rest. It will be a good plan to get one large, round, white stone for the centre, if you can. But I cannot tell you any more now. It is time for me to go home. When you have got the stones all collected, I will tell you what to do next."

"Very well," said Mary Bell, "you have told me enough now. It will take me two or three weeks to get all the stones. I don't go to my grotto very often."

At the time that Beechnut held this conversation with Mary Bell, he was sitting upon a horse near the gate, by the house where Mary Bell lived, ready to go away. He had come there that day on an errand. He knew that Mary Bell advanced very slowly with her work, and that she did not need a great deal of instruction at a time, and accordingly as he had now given enough to serve her for some days, and as he had then no more time to spare for talking with her, he concluded to go away.

Mary Bell found that it took even more time than she had expected, to find enough stones of the right kind. She found, however, a very pretty white stone for the centre, the very first

day that she began to look for stones. It was quite heavy, but she succeeded at length in carrying it to the grotto, and in depositing it safely by the door. The same day she found about twenty other stones of a smaller size, which seemed suitable to her purpose. These she carried along very easily. They were of various colors, and she placed them, one by one, in the heaps where they respectively belonged. There were four heaps, characterized by the predominant color of the stones which formed them.

A few days after this several girls from the village came to see Mary Bell, and as usual when they came to visit her, they wished immediately to go to the grotto. When they found that Mary Bell was going to make a paved floor, and that she was collecting pebble-stones for this purpose, they were all eager to help her. So Mary Bell took them some distance down the brook, to a place where there was a much larger number of smooth pebble-stones in the stream, than there were near the grotto. Here they found an abundant supply. Mary Bell pulled the pebbles out of the shore, and after letting them lie there a short time to dry, the children began to take them up—one in each hand. There were five children besides Mary Bell, so

that the whole party could carry twelve stones at a time. They went to and from the grotto, carrying stones in this manner, six times, so that they carried seventy-two stones in all, which constituted a great addition to Mary Bell's stock of materials for the paving.

In fact, the supply seemed so abundant, that the children insisted that there were stones enough, and they began to urge Mary Bell to commence the laying of them. They wished to see, they said, how the mosaic pavement would look. But Mary Bell said that she should not begin to lay it until she had seen Beechnut again, in order to get precise direction from him how to do the work properly. After taking so much pains, she said, to get her materials all together, she did not wish to hurry through the work, and so have it all wrong in the end.

When Beechnut heard that Mary Bell was ready for his instructions in respect to laying the pavement, he sent word to her one day, that unless she wished to do all the work about her grotto herself, without help, he would come over with Phonny the next Saturday afternoon, and help her place the stones. Mary Bell said that she should like that plan very much indeed, and so it was arranged that Beechnut and

Beechnut and Phonny come to make the pavement.

Phonny were to come. Although Beechnut was at work at Mrs. Henry's on wages, still, as has been stated in other volumes of this series, he always had the Saturday afternoon at his own disposal, in order that he might have some time to amuse himself in any manner he pleased. It was in consequence of this arrangement that he was enabled to promise to come with Phonny the next Saturday afternoon.

When Beechnut arrived at Mrs. Bell's, he told Mary that it would not be necessary for her to go down with him to the grotto, for he and Phonny would do the work of laying the pavement themselves, without any help from her,—unless she chose to go and see the operation.

Mary Bell did choose to go. There was, besides, a girl from the village, who was visiting Mary Bell that day, and she was very desirous of going to the grotto, too, to see Beechnut make the mosaic pavement. So they all went along together.

Beechnut had brought a small iron crow-bar with him, and Phonny had a garden trowel in his hand. Phonny also took Mary Bell's handspike, at Beechnut's request, which, being light, he could carry in one hand, while he held the trowel in the other. Mary Bell wondered

what was to be done with all these tools, but she did not ask, as she did not wish to trouble Beechnut to answer unnecessary questions.

When Beechnut arrived at the grotto he was very much pleased to see what an excellent collection of stones for a mosaic pavement Mary Bell had succeeded in getting together. He immediately commenced his work, and in the course of three hours he made an entire change in the appearance of the whole interior of the grotto. He first loosened up a little of the earth in the center of the floor, and then settled the round white stone in its place there. Then he selected a number of the very darkest stones in Mary Bell's collection, for the purpose of forming a dark ring around this central stone. Four of these dark stones were of a blueish color; the others were brown. The blue stones he placed at equal distances from each other, one in front, another back, and the other two at the two sides. The intervening spaces he filled with brown stones, thus completing the ring. In setting each stone in its place, he first made a little bed for it by loosening the earth below it with his trowel, doing this to a greater or less degree, according to the bigness of the stone. He then selected other stones and arranged

The mosaic pavement finished.

them, with great taste and judgment, in such a manner that by the time that he had paved over a space two feet in diameter he had formed the figure of a star, with the round white stone for the center of it. He filled the space around the star with stones of a uniform tint, and then surrounded the whole with a square border, which gave to the whole a very neat and finished appearance. This square border, however, was a foot or more on each side from the walls of the grotto, so that the pavement, thus far, did not cover the whole floor. There were, however, now but very few stones remaining—apparently not enough to finish the work. Mary Bell asked if she should not try to find some more.

But Beechnut said that he should not want any more. The rest of the space would be occupied by the seats, and it was not necessary to have a pavement under the seats.

"Seats!" said Mary Bell, "I don't see how I can make any seats."

"Oh, I am going to make them for you," replied Beechnut. "That is the reason that I brought down the hand-spike and the iron bar."

Mary Bell did not understand this, for she

did not see how seats could be made by the use of such tools as those. She had no idea of any seats for such a place except wooden benches. Beechnut, however, intended to make stone seats, so that the furniture of the grotto within might be formed of as stable and enduring a material as the outward structure. Accordingly, when the mosaic pavement was finished, Beechnut brought in several large flat stones which he then embedded in a very firm manner around the sides of the grotto, upon that part of the floor which had not been covered by the mosaic pavement. These flat stones were for the foundations of the seats. He then looked up and down the bank of the brook to find stones suitable for seats, that is, such as were of the proper width for a seat, and had one of their surfaces smooth and convenient to sit upon. Some of the stones which he selected were pretty large and heavy; but yet, with Phonny's help, and by means of the hand-spike and the crow-bar, which were used as levers, he succeeded in getting them along to the grotto.

When the first of these great stones came to the door, Beechnut said that he had made a great mistake in not putting in his seats first,

and making his mosaic pavement afterwards; since he could not well get such heavy masses over so frail a pavement, without danger of deranging it. Finally he protected the pavement by bringing a great quantity of sand from the brook, and spreading over it, and then covering the sand with branches broken off from the neighboring trees. He was now able to move in the stones intended for the seats without any difficulty; and the sand was of permanent service to the pavement besides, by working its way down into the interstices between the stones, thus consolidating the whole mass, and making the surface firm. When the stone seats were all got in and properly placed, and blocked up to the proper height to sit upon, Mary Bell gathered up the branches which had been spread upon the floor, and making a broom of some of them, she swept out the surplus sand from the floor of the grotto, and brought the mosaic pavement to view again. It looked now more beautiful than ever. The company all sat down upon the stone seats, and regarded the whole work with great admiration.

Such was the origin and history of Mary Bell's grotto.

CHAPTER III.

THE INUNDATION.

MRS. BELL had a dog named Carlo. He was pretty large, and of a very dark brown color. His hair was long, smooth, curling at the ends, and very glossy. Carlo was a very sagacious dog, but very sedate and sober. He was, moreover, very independent. He would never come at any body's call, or obey any body's orders, but would do always just as he pleased. Sometimes when Mary Bell came home from school, or from the village, he would seem overjoyed to see her. He would run toward her, and leap about her with every manifestation of the most extravagant joy. At other times he would lie motionless upon the great flat stone which formed the door-step, with his chin upon his paws, and merely watch Mary Bell's motions with the eye that happened to be turned toward her, exhibiting all the time an appearance of the utmost indifference and unconcern; and if on such occasions Mary Bell undertook to call him, and to awaken in him some feelings

Phonny's attempts to make Carlo obey.

of gladness and welcome, by encouraging words and chirruppings, the only response to her advances, on the part of Carlo, which she could ever obtain, was a gentle rap with his tail upon the stone on which he was lying; which gesticulation seemed to say, "I hear you very well, but don't choose to answer or come."

Phonny was very fond of Carlo, though he, as well as every body else, failed entirely in all his efforts to assert or maintain any power over him. Phonny made a great variety of attempts to induce Carlo to obey him, or to come when he called, but wholly without success.

One day, for instance, when Phonny was visiting at Mary Bell's, he came to the back door, and there he saw Carlo standing at a little distance from the house, by the great gate, and looking out into the road. Phonny began to call the dog. Carlo turned his head and looked at Phonny, but otherwise he did not move. Phonny then began to call him again with great vehemence, chirping and whistling to him, patting his knee, and making other such gesticulations as dogs are supposed to understand; addressing him all the time, too, in the most encouraging and flattering manner, by the words, "Good fellow!" "Nice Carlo!" and by

various other complimentary epithets. Carlo continued to look toward Phonny, but it was with an unconcerned air, and he remained perfectly motionless.

"I'll *make* you come," said Phonny to himself; and so resolving, he went into the house, and presently returned with a very fine piece of meat, which he had begged of Mrs. Bell. He held this bait out toward Carlo, and began calling him again. Carlo did not move. Phonny then advanced a little way toward him, thinking, perhaps, that Carlo did not see the meat. As he advanced, he paused occasionally and called, but Carlo did not move.

"I'll let him smell of it," said he, "and then he will come."

So he walked cautiously up to where Carlo was standing, and held the meat out toward him, intending just to let him smell of it to see what it was, and then to retreat again, in order that Carlo might follow him and get it. But Carlo, who had perfectly understood the whole game from the beginning, waited quietly until the meat was near enough to him to allow him to reach it without moving his body, and then seized it by a sudden snap of his jaws, and swallowed it in an instant, leaving Phonny utterly

confounded. Carlo immediately replaced his head in the same position as before, stood perfectly motionless, and looked at Phonny out of one eye, with the most grave and innocent expression of countenance that can be imagined.

Carlo was very fond of the water, and whenever Mary Bell went to the grotto, he was always very eager to accompany her. He always found out by some sort of instinct, when she was going, and then he immediately set off himself at a full run; and when at length Mary Bell reached the grotto, she always found him there before her, bathing himself in the brook in front of it.

It happened so, on the day of Phonny and Malleville's visit to Mary Bell, which we are now describing. After Malleville had looked at Mary Bell's picture-books and birds, she proposed to Mary Bell that they should follow Phonny down to the grotto. Mary Bell said that she would go. So she went back to the stoop and put away her work, and then both the girls went into the house to get their bonnets and prepare for their walk.

When they came out again, Mary Bell led the way to a sort of shed, in order to get her

crook, as she called it. Her crook was a long staff with a short curve in it at the upper end, so that it had the form and appearance of the crook of a shepherdess. This crook Mary Bell almost always took with her when she went up the grotto path, partly for the sake of its company, and partly to assist herself with it over the difficulties of the way. It was pretty long, and of a dark color, having been browned by time. Mary Bell had found it growing near her grotto, and having been struck with the appearance of the singular curve which the stem presented, she cut it down and brought it home; and Beechnut had afterward taken off the bark, and then smoothed and varnished it for her. She had had it now for one or two years, and it was her constant companion in her rambles in the woods.

While Mary Bell was getting her crook, Carlo came running into the shed with the appearance of great excitement and pleasure, and after leaping up before Mary Bell and Malleville several times, and running around them, first this way and then that, he wheeled about suddenly and went out at the door, and then began running down the lane as fast as he could go.

"He knows that we are going to the grotto," said Mary Bell.

"*How* does he know?" asked Malleville.

"Why, I suppose," replied Mary Bell, "it is because he sees that I am getting my crook. Now he will run down and open the gate for us, and wait there until we go through."

"Why, Mary Bell!" exclaimed Malleville. "I never heard of a dog that could open a gate."

"Oh, yes," said Mary Bell, "Carlo can at any rate. He pulls it open with his paw. You will see."

Malleville, however, did not see Carlo actually open the gate, for he ran along so fast that he had got it open before the girls were near enough to see. It was a small gate which opened out of the lane toward a little path which led down to the woods. The gate was light, and it was not fastened. It was kept shut by means of a weight hung to a chain. One end of the chain was fastened to the gate, and the other to a small post which had been set in the ground for this purpose near the gate, on the inside. Thus the gate could be easily pulled open toward the lane, by any one coming in that direction, and then, upon their passing through, the weight would shut it again. Carlo had

learned to open this gate with his paw, and whenever he knew that Mary Bell was coming through, he used to wait and hold it open for her until she had passed. The only reward that he obtained for this politeness was, that Mary Bell used generally to stop and pat his head a little with her hand, or with the end of her crook, when she was going through.

When Malleville and Mary Bell came in sight of the gate on this occasion, they found that it was wide open, and that Carlo was standing

CARLO.

against it to keep it from being shut by the weight and chain. As soon as Mary Bell and Malleville had passed through, Carlo followed them, and let the gate come to. He stopped a moment for Mary Bell to pat him upon his head, and to rub him with the end of her crook, and then, as soon as she stopped doing so, he bounded away along the path into the woods, as fast as he could run, and soon disappeared from view.

Mary Bell and Malleville followed him. The path descended rapidly, among rocks and bushes, until it came to the margin of the stream, which, now swollen by the rains, was rushing on over its rocky bed in a wild and impetuous torrent. Malleville was very much impressed by the sublimity of the scene. In fact, she was a little afraid to go very near to the brook lest she should fall in, and be swept away. Mary Bell, however, kept hold of her hand and assured her that there was no danger. Carlo at least was convinced that there was no danger, for Mary Bell and Malleville could see him, at a short distance before them, through the trees, plunging into the current here and there, and crossing the stream continually so as to be now on this side of it and now on that, as if he liked

Mary Bell calls him in vain. The bridge.

the water all the better for its abundance, and for the tumultuous wildness of its motion.

Malleville, in fact, was quite concerned for Carlo's safety, fearing lest he might get drowned. She begged Mary Bell to call him back, and Mary Bell did accordingly begin to call, with a loud voice, and in very authoritative tones. But all was in vain; Carlo paid no heed to the calls whatever. His disregard of Mary Bell's commands, however, was not in this instance owing to his spirit of disobedience, for the roaring of the water in the brook, mingled with the dashing sound produced close to Carlo's ears by his plunges into it, prevented his hearing Mary Bell at all. Finally Mary Bell gave up the attempt to call the dog back, and she and Malleville walked along quietly together.

They scrambled along over the rocks, sometimes not without considerable difficulty.

"There is a better road than this when the water is not so high," said Mary Bell, "but now all the low places in it are overflowed. The *bridge* is overflowed."

"Then how can we get over?" asked Malleville.

"Oh, we need not go over at all," replied Mary Bell. "My path goes across first by

stepping-stones, and then it comes back by the bridge: but we can keep on this side all the way if we choose, and so not cross the brook at all. Only we shall have some scrambling to do over the rocks."

"No matter for that," said Malleville. "I like to scramble over rocks."

Thus they walked along, keeping to the path where it was not overflowed, and, where it was overflowed, finding some other way around or over the rocks upon the bank, and sometimes among the trees and bushes. They stopped very frequently to admire the cascades and water-falls which occured where the rocks were steep or the water shallow, and the whirling eddies which were formed in the deep places. At one place there was a great boiling whirlpool, where the water seemed to move round and round in great circles, and finally to escape in a great torrent between two rocks below. Malleville and Mary Bell amused themselves for some time in throwing sticks in above this whirlpool, each of them throwing in one at the same instant, and then watching them as they sailed down into the whirlpool and revolved round and round in it, in order to see which should first

make its escape through the outlet between the two rocks, and go away down the stream. They called these sticks their ships. Sometimes Malleville's ships beat in these contests, and sometimes Mary Bell's.

At last, the children reached the grotto. They found Phonny seated inside of it, upon one of the stone seats. It was now a long time since these seats had been placed there, and the moss which Mary Bell had put in, all around them, had grown so much that they seemed embedded in verdure, and presented thus a very beautiful appearance. Phonny had seen Malleville and Mary Bell coming up the brook, and he had been watching them from the grotto for some time. Carlo too, who had become tired of swimming about, had come to the grotto-door, and was now lying there at his ease, with his fore-paws extended out straight before him.

Phonny said that he had been up the brook a great deal farther, and that he had found some beautiful cascades and water-falls; and that in one place he had found an island. Malleville at once wished to go and see these places; and as Phonny said that there was no difficulty about the way, the whole party set out to go up

the brook, Phonny preceding them as guide. There was indeed, as Phonny had said, no difficulty about the way; but after they reached the island which Phonny had discovered, they became involved in quite a serious difficulty and one too, of a very singular character. The circumstances were as follows:

They found, when they arrived at the island, that at that point the adjacent shores of the brook were comparatively flat and low, so that the island was, in fact, in ordinary times a sort of rocky promontory, with trees and bushes upon it. This promontory was, however, so near the brook on one side, and so surrounded on the other sides with low land, that the water had now extended quite around it, and thus had made it an island. It was, however, easy to get to it by means of stepping-stones which Phonny had pointed out, and so all the children went over upon the island, and finding a pleasant place upon the rocks on the side toward the brook, they all went and sat down there. Carlo followed them, and sat down too.

They had not sat there long, before they observed that Carlo seemed to be watching the water with a somewhat excited air, as if he saw something unusual in it.

"What is the matter, Carlo?" said Mary Bell.

"He sees something in the water," said Phonny. "I expect it is a fish. A trout perhaps."

So saying Phonny got up from his seat, and began looking very intensely into the water, in search of the trout.

Carlo rose also and began to bark. He looked very wild too, and moved to and fro very uneasily.

"What can it be?" said Malleville.

"I'll tell you;" said Phonny; "it must be a mink, or an otter, or some kind of wild animal, drowned out of his hole by the deluge."

Carlo ran off round behind the island, and presently came back again all covered with water, and, standing directly in front of the children he shook himself with the utmost energy, as dogs do when coming out of the water. This, of course, sprinkled them all over, and they jumped up, with screams and shouts of laughter, to run away. Carlo immediately ran off too, passing round behind the island again, and disappearing as he had done before.

Just then Mary Bell happened to observe that the water in the brook was much higher

then it was when they had first sat down. A stone upon which she had put her feet at first was now entirely covered.

"Why Phonny," said she, "the brook is rising. What can that mean? Run! we must get off this island as soon as we can."

The whole party accordingly hurried along in the direction which Carlo had taken, round to that side of the island which was toward the land, but they found that it was too late. The water, from some cause or other, had suddenly risen, and had spread over all the low land of the shore, in such a manner that it was not possible for them to escape. It seemed to be rising higher and higher too, every minute. Carlo, apparently half distracted, was swimming back and forth from the land to the shore, barking, and expressing in every way the extreme apprehension and distress that he felt for the safety of the children.

Malleville and Phonny were thrown into a state of absolute consternation at finding themselves, as they thought, about to be overwhelmed by such an inundation, and began to cry and scream in the most frightful manner. Even Mary Bell at first looked somewhat alarmed. She, however, soon recovered her composure,

and tried to quiet the children. She rebuked them quite decidedly for the childish folly of making such an outcry.

"Why, Mary Bell," said Phonny, in justification of himself, as soon as he had so far recovered the use of his faculties as to be able to speak, "we shall all be drowned."

"No matter," said Mary Bell. "Drowning is an easy death. At any rate, it is as easy to drown *still*, as it is to drown screaming."

Phonny laughed. Malleville looked astonished and bewildered, and they both became still.

"But what *shall* we do?" asked Malleville, in a tone of despair.

"I am sure I don't know," said Mary Bell. "I have not had time to think yet. But there is one thing I know, and that is, that we are not in any real danger. The water can not possibly come up to the top of this island."

Mary Bell looked down at the shore again as she said this. It was plain that the water was rising quite fast. It had come up several inches within a very few minutes.

"We'd better scream," said Phonny. "Then, perhaps, somebody will hear us and come and help us get off."

"No," said Mary Bell, "I'll send Carlo home after Joseph. Joseph often sends him home after things, and he will go and get them if he is only in the mood for it. I'll send him for Joseph himself."

So saying, Mary Bell turned to Carlo, who just then came up to her from the water, and said to him, not in a loud or severe tone, but in the gentle and quiet manner in which she had heard Joseph give him such commands, pointing at the same time with her finger in the proper direction.

"Go home, Carlo. Go home and bring Joseph."

Carlo plunged into the stream and swam to the shore. As soon as he had got out of the stream, and had secured a firm footing on the land, he stopped a moment to shake the water out of his hair, and then bounded away at the top of his speed, down the brook. He went on at a headlong rate, leaping chasms, clambering up steep acclivities, and swimming across the little bays and pools of water from the brook which came in the way, until at length he reached the gate which opened from the lane. He pushed this gate open, and dashed through. He ran then along the lane toward the house,

where, by great good fortune, he met Joseph just coming out of the door to go into the garden. He ran up to him, barking very loud, and when he saw that he had attracted his attention, he turned and ran toward the brook, looking back to see if Joseph was following him. But Joseph, who had no idea that all this excitement was any thing more than one of the fits of playfulness which Carlo occasionally assumed of his own accord, went on toward the garden. Carlo then came back, barking and leaping up to Joseph, and attempting to seize him by the arm. Joseph ordered him down, and to enforce his orders, he attempted to box Carlo's ears. As Carlo was leaping and jumping about him all the time, Joseph found it difficult to hit him, and in his efforts to do this, his hat fell off. Carlo seized the hat and ran, looking round now and then to see if Joseph was following. Joseph did follow, of course, in order to recover his hat. He picked up a stone to throw at Carlo, to compel him to give up the hat. But this only made Carlo run the faster.

At length Carlo reached the gate, and pulled it open with his paw, and then ran through, turning his head a moment, as he entered, to see if Joseph was still coming.

By this time Joseph began to think that there must be some cause for such singular behavior on the part of the dog, and he determined to follow him without any more hesitation or delay. Carlo led him down to the brook, and Joseph, the moment that he saw the very unusual height of the water, was immediately convinced that something extraordinary had happened. He pressed on, accordingly, after Carlo, as fast as he could go, and was thus conducted to the place where his assistance was so much needed. Carlo dropped the hat upon the ground the moment that Joseph came in sight of the children.

Joseph had no difficulty in rescuing the children from their unpleasant situation. He waded out to the island, and brought them to the shore, one after another, in his arms. In fact, as the water on that side of the island was not more than a foot deep, they might all have walked to the shore themselves, without any other inconvenience than giving their feet a bathing.

Mary Bell was very much surprised that the water should have risen in the brook so rapidly and so suddenly, when the rain had ceased to fall a day or two before, and the waters had ap-

peared to be subsiding. The cause was, that a mill-dam, which was situated upon the brook, about a mile above her grotto, had been undermined by the pressure of the freshet, and finally gave way just about the time that she commenced her walk, so as to let all the water in the mill-pond come down in a body. The inundation was just beginning to reach the island at the time that the children took their seats upon it.

CHAPTER IV.

PLANNING.

IT was a peculiar trait in the character of Mary Bell, that in all her plans of amusement and occupation she *looked forward* more than most other girls of her age would have done. She was not satisfied in anything that she did, with mere present and momentary pleasure, but almost always aimed at something lasting and permanent in the results. Other girls, when wandering with her in the woods, would be contented to gather the wild flowers and the pretty mosses which they found by the way, to arrange in boquets; but Mary Bell always wished to get the roots of the plants which pleased her, and these roots, when she had brought them home, she would plant among the stones around the wall, or under the old stone walls, and among the bushes which extended along the lane. In her garden she took greater interest in raising little oaks and apple-trees, and other such permanent plants, than in cultivating annual flowers, which, though

sometimes very beautiful, were too frail and ephemeral in their nature for her to attach any great value to them.

Mary Bell had a little grove of oaks in one corner of the garden, which she had raised from the acorn. They were now four years old, and higher than her head. She was going very soon to have a seat made under them. She had several apple and pear-trees growing in various parts of the garden, which were now almost ready to bear; and an orange-tree, and a lemon-tree, in pots, which she had raised from the seed. In fact, her long and patient labor upon her grotto, and upon the road leading to it along the brook, was a striking example of the interest which she felt in operations of a permanent and lasting character.

She took a great interest, too, in learning every little accomplishment and art that she had the opportunity to acquire, which might by any possibility ever be of use to her. Whenever she witnessed the performance of any art with which the was unacquainted, such as any new mode of netting, or drawing, or new style of embroidery, or fancy-work of any kind, she always watched the process with very close and careful attention, in order that she might be able to

imitate it; while other young ladies would oftener be satisfied with begging a specimen of the work itself from the one who was executing it. One day, for instance, while Mary Bell was visiting her friend Caroline, there was a lady there from New York, Caroline's aunt Grace, who was netting a beautiful silk purse, by a new and ingenious stitch which she had just learned at the city. Caroline and Mary Bell both sat by the side of Miss Grace for some time, while she was at her work, both very intently interested in it, but in very different ways. Caroline paid no attention to the process, but was continually taking hold of that part of the purse which was finished, and expressing her admiration of the figure, and of the beautiful arrangement of the colors: while Mary Bell, on the other hand, watched the motion of Miss Grace's fingers, examined very closely the form of the needle, and the manner in which the stitches were made by it. Instead of asking Miss Grace to make her a purse, her request would have been, if she had made any request at all, that Miss Grace would allow her to take the needle for a few minutes, and some of the silk, and teach her the stitch, in order that she might make purses for herself. Miss

Grace observed, after a time, how deeply interested Mary Bell was in the process, and so she put her work into Mary Bell's hands, saying,

"Try it, Mary Bell. You can do it very easily."

But Mary Bell was afraid that she should spoil the purse.

"Oh, no," said Miss Grace. "And if you do make the stitches wrong, it is of no consequence, for I can easily take them out again."

So Mary Bell took the work into her hands, and as she had previously studied every part of the process so attentively, she knew exactly what to do; and with a very little additional instruction from Miss Grace, she soon succeeded perfectly well.

Miss Grace then proposed that Caroline should make the attempt, but Caroline was rather unwilling to try.

"I cannot do it," said she, "I know."

"But why should not you do it, as well as Mary Bell?" asked Miss Grace. "You have been looking over me and seeing me work as long as she."

It was true that Caroline had been looking over as long as Mary Bell, but she had not been seeing Miss Grace *work* at all. That was a

part of the spectacle to which she had paid no attention. However, as she did not quite like to be outdone by Mary Bell, she took the netting into her hands; but when she had taken it, she had not the slightest idea what she was to do.

After making some awkward and blundering attempts, in which her aunt Grace in vain attempted to guide her by continual explanations, Caroline gave it up, and put the work back into her aunt's hands, saying that she never could learn to do any such thing as that, though some how or other it was always very easy to Mary Bell.

The reason why Mary Bell succeeded so much better than Caroline in such attempts, was simply because she knew how, first to direct her attention to the points on which success depended, and then patiently and perseveringly to pursue the course which her observation had thus discovered. She was assisted, it is true, in doing any new thing which presented itself, by the habit of dexterity which her fingers had acquired in learning how to do so many other things before. For in respect to progress in learning, it is the same with manipulations and feats of dexterity as with attainments more strictly intellectual. The more we have learned

in times past the more easy it is to learn in times to come. A boy who has learned to play upon the flute, will afterwards learn to play upon the bass-viol much more easily, on account of the flexibility, and the habit of obedience to his will, which his fingers will have acquired. And it sometimes happens that when a performer, skilled in playing on various instruments of different kinds, is unexpectedly offered a new one which he had never seen before, he will play upon it quite respectably at once, without any previous practice at all. This principle should operate as a great encouragement to young persons, to be always at work learning something, knowing that whatever it is it will be certainly useful to them. For if what they learn should prove to be of no special service on its own account, it will be of advantage in enabling them to learn something else more easily.

Mary Bell had not only a great deal of personal dexterity in such arts and accomplishments as we have been describing, but she evinced also much skill in devising and arranging extended plans of amusement for the other children; though she always did this in a very quiet and unobtrusive manner, so as not to

bring herself particularly into notice in them, or to make herself in any way the subject of observation. When she planned and executed her grotto and the road leading to it, she was quite young, and she then had no objection to working diligently in the open air, lifting and carrying stones, and digging in the ground. But when she became eleven and twelve years old, her taste changed in respect to such labors. She began to consider them too masculine, that is, too boyish, for her; and though she still took great interest in such improvements, she no longer undertook to execute them with her own hands. Still she would very often plan and direct them, and even sometimes, though always in a quiet and unassuming way, superintend the execution of them by the hands of others. One of these plans,—the making of a road up the Peak,—it is necessary here to describe, on account of certain occurrences connected with it, which are to be narrated in a subsequent chapter.

The Peak was a lofty rocky pinnacle, which almost overhung the village. It was the termination of a spur or projection which branched from a range of mountains that was near. The summit of it was a very pleasant place

when it was once attained, as it afforded a magnificent point of view for the survey of the whole surrounding country. From a great flat rock, which was near the summit, one could see the village, the pond, the outlet stream, winding its way from the pond to the river, and the river itself, meandering down the valley, looking down upon the whole as upon a map. It was, however, very difficult to get up to this rock. There was indeed a sort of pathway leading there, but in some places this pathway was encumbered with bushes and brambles; at other places, where springs oozed from the mountain, it was wet and miry. In one part of the way there was a little brook which ran along for a considerable distance in the middle of the path—at a place, too, where there was no room to walk on either side. Near the top of the ascent, moreover, there was quite a long way where the track led over heaps of loose stones, which sank down, more or less, whenever any body stepped upon them, and seemed sometimes as if they were all upon the point of sliding down the hill together.

The plan of making a better road up to the Peak was first proposed at a launching. One of the boys whose name was Parker, had con-

trived, by the help of a sailor that was straying through the country, and had stopped to work for a while at his father's, to build and rig a little ship, about two feet long. Parker was now going to have a lanching of this ship. The lanching was to take place on the banks of a small brook which flowed through a pleasant field in the rear of his father's garden. Parker invited the girls and boys of his acquaintance to come and see this lanching. When the afternoon arrived the children all assembled, girls and boys, some young and some old; and while Parker and his assistants were engaged in fixing the *ways* as they are called, in their places, getting the rollers ready, and making the other necessary preparations, the children sat on the stones and grassy banks around, amusing themselves in watching the proceedings of the ship carpenters and in conversation. The Peak was very near them, towering sublimely toward the sky.

Parker met with some unexpected difficulties in completing his arrangements. This occasioned delay. The children began to be impatient. Caroline, who was there with the rest, endeavored to hurry the preparations, saying,

"Come, Parker, make haste. We are all tired of waiting."

This only increased Parker's agitation and perplexity, and hindered the work instead of hastening it. Caroline did not intend to produce any such effect. She merely spoke without proper consideration.

Mary Bell, on the other hand, felt spontaneously a desire rather to diminish than to increase the pressure upon Parker's mind; and this she thought she could perhaps do, by turning the attention of the party who were waiting, away a little from the preparations for the lanch, and amusing them with something else. She concluded to begin with the younger children. So she took Malleville and another girl of about Malleville's age, by the hand, and led them away a few steps to a place where the path was very broad and smooth.

"Now," said she, "let us see how many different kinds of plants we can find growing about here, and lay one specimen of each kind down in this path, in a row. How many do you *think* we can find?"

"Oh, I can find a great many," said Malleville. "I can find ten."

"They must be all pretty specimens," said

Mary Bell, "and about as long as your thumb. And you must not have two alike."

So saying, Mary Bell took out from the grass two little sprigs of different kinds, and yet both pretty and graceful in form, and laid them down in the path, about six inches apart. This was for the beginning of the row.

"Now," continued Mary Bell, "go on and find as many as you can. But before you put any down, examine all that are already in the row very carefully, so as to be sure and not put down two of the same kind."

Malleville and her playmate immediately began the work thus assigned them with a great deal of apparent interest and pleasure. The other younger children soon came to see what was going on, and began eagerly, one after another, to join in the work; and at last, when Mary Bell had got them all well engaged in it, she left them, saying that she would return by and by and see how long a row they had made. She then went back to the rest of the party.

She sat down with them upon the grassy bank, and began to listen to their conversation. They were nearly all girls; all, in fact, excepting one. The boys, excepting this one, whose name was Arthur, were all around the ship,

attending to the preparations for the lanching. Caroline was the oldest of the girls who were present, though there were others of nearly her age. The girls happened just to have exhausted the subject which they had been talking about, when Mary Bell joined them, and then there was a moment's pause.

"Oh dear me!" said Caroline. "How long they are in getting their lanching ready. I wish they would begin. But, Mary Bell, what have you been setting those little girls to doing?"

Mary Bell laughed, but did not reply.

"How magnificent the Peak looks this afternoon!" continued Caroline.

"Yes," said Arthur. "I wish we were up there. If I could fly, I would go right up now—"

Here Arthur suspended his sentence a moment, while he picked up a stone from the ground near him, and throwing it with all his force into the air, in the direction of the summit of the Peak, he finished his speech by adding, as the stone flew swiftly toward the sky,

"Like that."

"The path might be made a very good path, quite easily, I think," said Mary Bell.

"Who could do it?" asked Caroline.

"The boys," said Mary Bell.

"The boys!" repeated Caroline, in a tone of contempt. "They are too fond of play to spend their time in such work as that, I can assure you."

"I think they would like to do it," rejoined Mary Bell, "if there was a plan formed, and the work was arranged for them."

"Well, there is nobody to do that," replied Caroline.

"Yes," said Mary Bell, "you could do it."

"Oh, no," said Caroline. "I am not good at forming plans. And, besides, I don't believe that the boys would do the work, if I should form the plan. I'll ask them. Boys!"

"No, stop," said Mary Bell. "Don't ask them yet. Wait till you have formed the plan. Besides, they are too much engaged about the ship now, to attend to any thing else."

"Well, what sort of a plan could I form," asked Caroline.

"Why you might divide the path into four or five parts," replied Mary Bell, "and let two girls take a part."

"Two boys, you mean," said Caroline. "Girls could not do the work."

"True," said Mary Bell, "but girls might

take the responsibility. They could get their brothers to do the work; and then they might carry up drink and refreshments to them while they were doing it."

"But some of us have not got any brothers," said Caroline.

"Then we must get our cousins," replied Mary Bell, "or some other friends among the boys to do our share."

"Well," said Caroline, "I think it is a very good plan."

"You might have each of the divisions of the path marked at the beginning of it, by a stone —a large stone, with a smooth face to it—for a monument. The boys could easily set up such a stone. The number of the division might be marked on it, and the initial letters of the girls that had the care of that division."

"Yes," said Caroline, "so we could."

"Only there must be a greater monument," continued Mary Bell, "at the top, for your name to be marked upon, alone; because you would have the general charge and supervision of the whole work."

"Oh, no!" said Caroline. "I should not like to have my name in such a public place."

"Why, it would not be your full name, you

know," rejoined Mary Bell, "only your initials, perhaps only C, for Caroline, or C. R., for Caroline Regina, that is, Caroline the queen; for you would be queen of the whole affair. And besides, the monument need not be in any very public place. It might be a little secluded in some situation near the end of the path."

Caroline had now become very much interested in the plan, and was quite eager to call the attention of the boys to it at once. But Mary Bell told her that they seemed to be now almost ready for the lanching, and so persuaded her to wait until the time of the collation, before bringing forward the plan. Parker had arranged a collation in a little grove near by, to which his company were to be invited as soon as the lanching should have been accomplished. The end of the collation, Mary Bell said, would be the very best possible time for proposing any new plan.

Very soon after this, the whole party heard the very welcome call from Parker, of

"Come, girls, we are all ready."

The place which had been chosen for the lanching, was a point where the water, after flowing smoothly in a straight channel for some length, forming a sort of basin, turned suddenly

to the left, and fell over rocky cascades. The *ways* were laid at this bend, and were pointed up the stream, so that the vessel should be sent forward up the basin; and as there was a long reach of smooth water in this direction, the boys thought that the ship would have space to shoot forward as far as it pleased. In order, however, to prevent its striking the land at the upper end of the sheet of water, and also for the purpose of bringing the lanch to a scientific and proper termination, Parker had arranged an anchor at the bows of the vessel, which was to be let go at the proper time, and was expected to bring the vessel to a state of rest.

It is obvious that as the vessel was too small to allow of any living sailor being on board, some plan different from the usual one must be devised for letting go this anchor. The plan which Parker contrived was this.

He stationed a boy upon the bank of the brook, about mid-way of the space over which the vessel was expected to glide, at a place where there was a stone that he could sit upon at his ease, and gave him the end of a black thread to hold in his hand. The other end of the thread was passed to the vessel, and there

attached to a small stick, or little bar of wood which was laid upon the bows. The anchor was laid across this little stick, and the thread was fastened to the farthest end of it in such a manner that when the thread was pulled, the stick would be lifted up and the anchor hove overboard. All this arrangement was kept profoundly secret from the girls,—as they were not on any account to know by what means the anchor was dropped. The boy who held the end of the string was to assume an unconcerned and indifferent air, as if he had no active part to perform himself, but was a mere spectator; and when the command should be given by Parker to let go the anchor, he was to give the thread a gentle pull, holding the hand by which he did it in a concealed position all the time, on the farther side of him. Then the moment the anchor was free, he was to drop the thread from his hand without attempting to pull it to the shore, but to let it float away instead, unseen, in the water.

The plan succeeded admirably. The whole party of girls and boys gathered around the ship in a semi-circle, so arranged that all could see. The after-block was knocked away, and the vessel glided beautifully down its ways into the

water. The instant that Parker saw that the ship was safe in the water, he called out,

"Her name is the Caroline. Three cheers for the Caroline."

The three cheers were given in the most enthusiastic manner,—the boys shouting, and waving their caps in the air, and the girls clapping their hands. The boat glided beautifully through the water, going, however, more and more slowly, as the impulse which it had received in the lanch was gradually expended.

THE LANCHING.

The ship comes to anchor in the roadstead.

At length Parker gave the order to let go the anchor, when forthwith the whole party heard a little plunge and saw the anchor fall. The vessel was soon brought to a stand, and then swinging around gracefully with the current, it floated down a little way until it came to a stand again in the middle of the water, at an excellent roadstead, where it was held by its anchor quite securely.

The lanching being thus successfully accomplished, the children began to move in little detached parties toward the grove where the collation had been spread. Caroline hurried them along, saying,

"Come, girls, come. Come to the collation. And after the collation I am going to tell you about a plan that I have been forming for making a good road up to the Peak."

CHAPTER V.

CARLO LOST.

MRS. BELL'S dog Carlo got lost about this time, and Beechnut and Mary Bell had quite a series of adventures in attempting to find him again. The occurrences connected with this affair have to be related here, at the time when they took place; though in consequence of this, it becomes necessary to postpone, for a chapter or two, the account of the execution of the plan, which Mary Bell and Caroline formed for making a pathway to the Peak.

The way in which Carlo got lost, was this. Joseph, the young man who lived at Mrs. Bell's, and with whom, perhaps, Carlo had more to do than with any other person, was not particularly fond of dogs, and took no special notice of Carlo, and accordingly gained no great ascendancy over him. When Joseph went away any where, Carlo might go with him or not, just as he pleased. Joseph himself had no wish about it, one way or the other. He took no notice of Carlo if he went, and he made no ob-

jection if the dog chose to stay at home. In a word, Joseph was as independent as Carlo.

This may have been owing in part to the fact, that it would have done no good for Joseph to have expressed any wishes of his own at any time, in respect to Carlo's accompanying him, for Carlo would have paid no attention to them whatever, if he had expressed them. Whenever Joseph went away from the house, to go of an errand into the village, or to his work in the field, if Carlo took a fancy to going with him, he *would* go, no matter how authoritatively Joseph ordered him to remain at home. On the other hand, if he chose to remain at home, no callings, or coaxings, or persuasions whatever, could induce him to go.

One time Joseph was going in the wagon on a journey to a large town named Haverhill, which was situated so far from Franconia, that it was not convenient to go and return the same day. Joseph, accordingly, formed his plan for spending the night at Haverhill, and setting out on his return to Franconia on the day following. When the time arrived for his journey, he rose and made his preparations for going quite early in the morning, in order to set out immediately after breakfast. Carlo said noth-

ing, but concluded quietly, in his own mind, that he would go too. It was plain to him that some expedition was on foot; and although he had no idea of the nature or object of it, except that it was evident that the horse and wagon were going, he determined to join it, whatever its destination might be. Accordingly, on the morning of the journey, when Joseph drove the horse up to the fastening-post behind the house, and tied him there, while he went in to breakfast, Carlo went to the place, walked very deliberately under the wagon, and lay down there. Joseph took no notice of this movement. In fact, he was thinking of something else all the time, and did not observe Carlo at all.

After breakfast, Joseph, having received his last directions from Mrs. Bell, and having bid her and Mary Bell good-bye, came out, unfastened the horse, mounted into the wagon, and drove away. He had not gone many steps, before he heard Mary Bell's voice behind, calling out,

"Carlo! Carlo! Come back, Carlo!"

Joseph looked round and saw Carlo trotting along just behind the wagon. He was evidently determined to pay no attention to Mary Bell's calls.

Carlo is determined not to go home.

"Carlo!" said Joseph, speaking in a very stern and authoritative voice, "Go HOME!"

Carlo paid no heed to this command, but continued on his way, following the wagon just as before.

Joseph, still looking back toward Carlo, reined in his horse and stopped. Carlo stopped too. Joseph looked at Carlo, and Carlo looked very steadily and firmly at Joseph.

GO HOME!

Joseph reached back as far as he could, and

struck at Carlo with his whip. Carlo did not move. He did not even wink. He knew that the whip lash was not long enough to reach him.

Joseph then turned his horse out to one side of the road, in order that he might get out and drive Carlo home. While he was doing this, Carlo, keeping still at the same distance from the wagon as before, walked leisurely out to the side of the road, and sat down. Joseph descended from his wagon and advanced toward Carlo, brandishing his whip and saying, "Go home!" Carlo retreated slowly, so as just to keep beyond the reach of the whip, but with his face turned toward Joseph all the time.

Joseph then stooped down to pick up some stones, and Carlo, who had expected this movement, and was consequently all prepared for it, sprang away immediately, and retreated as far as he thought was necessary to enable him to dodge the missiles. Joseph threw two or three stones. Carlo avoided them by bounding when they came, first to one side of the road, and then to the other, but he evinced no disposition to go home.

Joseph did not know what to do next. Mary Bell stood all this time at the great stone step before the door, watching the contest.

Joseph gives up the contest, and Carlo goes.

"Mary Bell," said Joseph, "can't you come and get him home?"

"I can *come*," said Mary Bell, "but how am I to get him home?"

This question, it was obvious, admitted of no satisfactory reply; and so Joseph, after standing perplexed and uncertain for a moment, turned toward his wagon again, saying to himself in a fretful tone:

"Let him go then if he *will*. He'll get paid for his obstinacy before he has trotted all the way to Haverhill, I can assure him."

Joseph mounted into his wagon and drove on, Carlo following him as before. Joseph was still, however, quite unwilling to have Carlo thus conquer in the contest, and after riding a short distance farther he thought of one other plan for getting Carlo home, which was to persuade the dog to get up into the wagon under pretense of letting him ride, and then, when he had thus secured him, Joseph thought that he could easily turn round and take him home. He accordingly stopped, and changing his tone and manner altogether, he began with great appearance of friendship and good-will to urge Carlo to come and jump into the wagon. But Carlo, who suspected treachery, would not

come. He kept in fact as far behind the wagon as he had done before—eyeing Joseph suspiciously, and paying no heed to his calls. So Joseph gave up the contest, and Carlo went to Haverhill.

Joseph finished his business at Haverhill on the evening of his arrival, and on the following morning set out on his return home. He did not once think of Carlo until he had proceeded two or three miles on his journey. Then suddenly remembering him he looked around, but Carlo was not to be seen. He stopped the horse and waited a few minutes, supposing that the dog had fallen a little behind, and that he should soon see him coming along the road. But no Carlo appeared. Joseph then began to consider whether it would be best to go back and find him; and after doubting and hesitating on this point for a short time, he finally concluded to go on. It must be, he thought, that Carlo would come along of his own accord.

But Carlo could not come along, for having gone into what they called the grain-room, in the stable, at the tavern where Joseph had spent the night, he had got accidently fastened in, and was accordingly shut up there, a prisoner. He had slept during the night under the

wagon, considering it his duty to watch it, but in the morning just about the time that Joseph was finishing his breakfast, having had no breakfast of his own, he had gone hunting about the back-door for a bone, and having at length found one he carried it at first to his place under the wagon, intending to gnaw it there; but another smaller dog came and attempted to take it away from him, and Carlo, rather than quarrel, ran off with his bone, not observing particularly where he went, but only desirous of finding some retreat where he could make the best of his breakfast, such as it was, in peace. Chance led him into the grain-room, the door of which happened to be open. Chance also led the ostler to shut the door soon after Carlo entered, he not knowing that Carlo was there. When Carlo had disposed of the bone he tried to get out of the grain-room, but could not. The door was fastened, and though there was a window, it was up very high in the wall, and entirely inaccessible. Carlo scratched at the door for a time, and made piteous entreaties for somebody outside to let him out; but nobody heard him. He concluded then that he must wait patiently until some one should open the door. So he lay down at a little distance

from the door, extended his paws before him, reposed his chin upon his paws, and in that position allowed himself to sink into a sort of semi-sleep. It was only a semi-sleep, for he opened one eye from time to time to keep watch of the door.

It was nearly noon before he was liberated, and Joseph was then nearly half way home. Carlo ran immediately to the place where he had left the wagon, but it had disappeared. He went to the stable and looked in the stall where Joseph's horse had been placed, but the horse was gone. He smelled all about the yard and about the doors of the tavern, to find the traces of Joseph's steps, but there were no traces of them to be found. He tried to remember the road by which he came into the village, but he could not. It was dark in fact when he came in the evening before, and besides that, he was asleep in the wagon the last ten miles of the way; for he made no objection to getting into the wagon to ride when Joseph had got so far away from home as to preclude the possibility of returning. Thus he had no means of knowing what way he should take in order to follow Joseph and find him. He perceived at once that it was a hopeless case, and as it was an es-

sential characteristic of his nature to take every thing quietly and philosophically, he dismissed the subject at once from his mind, and went to amusing himself by playing tumble-over-and-over, with another dog which just then came, in attendance upon a farmer's wagon, into the tavern yard.

Thus Carlo was lost. Mary Bell and her mother were both extremely sorry, when Joseph came back, to find that he had not brought Carlo, and that he did not even know what had become of him. Mrs. Bell at first thought of sending Joseph back expressly to get him; but this would have been inconvenient, and somewhat expensive. It was uncertain too whether this plan would succeed, if adopted, since no one knew whether Carlo remained at the tavern or had strayed away from Joseph somewhere on the road. Finally, Mrs. Bell concluded to wait until she should hear of some one going to Haverhill, and so send by him, as a messenger, to inquire for the dog, and to bring him home if he could be found.

Such an opportunity did not occur for two months. A little after the expiration of that time, however, a wagoner whom Joseph knew, was going to Haverhill, and to him the commis-

sion was intrusted. Joseph described the dog to the wagoner, gave him the name of the tavern where he had put up when Carlo went with him, and asked the wagoner to inquire for Carlo both at this tavern and also at other places on the way, and to bring him home if he could find him.

The wagoner very readily undertook the commission. He inquired along the road, as he went to Haverhill, if any one had seen such a dog, but he could not hear any tidings of him. As soon, however, as he arrived at the tavern, he found Carlo very comfortably established there, and quite as well contented, apparently, at his new home, as he had been at the old one.

The wagoner immediately claimed the dog as belonging to Mrs. Bell, supposing, of course, that he would be at once given up, in order that he might be restored to the proper owner. But instead of this, an unexpected difficulty arose. The tavern-keeper said that he must be paid for the trouble and expense which he had incurred in taking care of the dog, and feeding him so long. He had perceived, he said, that he was a valuable dog, and had presumed that the owner would soon come after him; and so he had taken great care of him; and now he

must be paid for his trouble before he could let the dog go. He asked half a dollar.

Half a dollar was certainly not a great sum for such a service; but the wagoner had not been authorized to pay any thing whatever. In fact, it had not occurred to Mrs. Bell that any thing would be demanded, so that the emergency was wholly unprovided for. The wagoner endeavored to persuade the tavern-keeper to give up the dog without receiving the money; but the tavern-keeper would not do so, and the wagoner was, consequently, compelled to return without him.

When he came to make his report to Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Bell told him that he did perfectly right not to pay the money, since he had not received any directions to do so. She said, however, that if she had known that the tavern-keeper would have made any such demand, she should certainly have sent the money to meet it. It was right and proper, she added, that the tavern-keeper should receive something in compensation for his trouble and expense, and she admitted that half a dollar was a very reasonable demand. It seemed to her, however, that he might have had sufficient generosity to have sent the dog home, trusting to the honesty and

fairness of the owner for the recovery of his money, rather than to insist on keeping the dog as a sort of captive held for ransom. She told the wagoner, however, that he himself acted exactly right, and she requested him to call upon her the next time that he went to Haverhill, and she would give him the money, and get him to redeem Carlo, and bring him home.

It was more than three months after this before the wagoner went again. Mrs. Bell thought that by this time Carlo would have forgotten all about his former friends. Still she was very anxious to recover him. She gave the wagoner a dollar, thinking it probable that the tavern-keeper would expect more than he had asked at first, having now kept the dog for a double length of time. Mary Bell also bought a collar in the village, and a long chain, so that the wagoner could chain the dog in his wagon, and thus prevent his jumping out and running away on the road. She also put into the wagon a large piece of meat, wrapped up in a newspaper. This was for Carlo's dinner, coming home. Having taken all these precautions, Mrs. Bell and Mary confidently expected to see Carlo as soon as the wagoner should return.

He returned in three days. Mary Bell watched for him two hours, toward the latter part of the third day, seated with her sewing, in a small rocking-chair, on the great flat stone step before the door. At length she saw the white top of the wagon coming along the road. She laid down her work and ran down the road to meet the wagon. She saw nothing of Carlo. She supposed, however, that he was in the wagon, chained down in some concealed place there. She began at length to fear that this might not be the case, and her fears were confirmed by seeing the wagoner, before she got near enough to him to speak, begin to shake his head. Mary Bell knew then, that for some reason or other, he had not brought Carlo.

When the wagon, which was a great white-topped wagon, drawn by four horses, approached, Mary Bell stood out at one side of the road. The wagoner reined in his horses when he got near to Mary Bell, and stopped.

"What's the matter?" said Mary Bell. "Where's Carlo?"

"The man says," replied the wagoner, "that he waited some time, and finding that your mother did not send for the dog, and not wanting to keep him any longer himself, he let an-

other man have him that was willing to pay the fifty cents."

"Who was the man?" asked Mary Bell.

"The tavern-keeper did not know what his name was," said the wagoner.

"Did he know where he lived?" asked Mary Bell.

"Yes," said the wagoner, "he said he lived in Number Five."

"Number Five?" repeated Mary Bell.

"Yes," said the wagoner. "That is one of the back towns among the mountains, off to the northward and westward. And here's the dollar. You can give the money to your mother, and tell her about it. It is of no use to try to find the dog any more, as we can't find out the man's name that bought him."

So saying, the wagoner started his weary team again, and drove on, leaving Mary Bell by the side of the road, holding the dollar in her hand, and saying with a deep sigh, as the wagoner drove away,

"Oh, dear me! I'm *very* sorry. I liked Carlo very much,—though he *wouldn't* ever mind me."

Mary Bell went into the house, and communicated to her mother the report which the

wagoner had made. Mrs. Bell was sorry to receive such an account, but she was now disposed to consider the dog as irretrievably lost, and to dismiss the subject wholly from her mind.

The subject would probably have thus been finally and forever dropped, had it not been that Beechnut revived it once more, a week or two after this time, one day when he happened to be at Mrs. Bell's.

Beechnut had always taken a special interest in Carlo, though he came so seldom to Mrs. Bell's that Carlo did not appear to know him very well. Beechnut was very sorry to hear that Carlo was lost, and while Mrs. Bell was making efforts to recover him, he had made inquiries from time to time, as he had opportunity, in regard to what was done, and to the prospect of success. When, at last, a few weeks after the wagoner made his final report, Mary Bell told Beechnut that the dog was lost forever, Beechnut said that he thought *he* could find him.

"Why what could you do?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"Oh, I could form some plan or other," said Beechnut. "What did the tavern-keeper say about the man who took him?"

"He said," replied Mary Bell, "that he did not know what his name was, but that he lived in Number Five. What did he mean by that?"

"Why he meant township Number Five," said Beechnut. They call the townships back among the mountains by a number, until they get inhabitants enough to have a name. I think I could go to Number Five and find Carlo there somewhere."

"Why it may be a very large township," said Mrs. Bell, "five or six miles each way."

"Yes," said Beechnut, "but I could find Carlo if he is there. Only I should want somebody to go with me that he knows, or else perhaps I could not get him to come away, if I should find him."

"Well," said Mrs. Bell, "I wish you would take the wagon some day, and Joseph, and go and try. Carlo knows Joseph."

"I should rather have Mary go," said Beechnut. "He likes Mary better than he does Joseph."

Here there was a little pause. Mary Bell did not know exactly what to say about going.

"Could not you go?" asked Beechnut.

"Phonny and Malleville might go too, to keep you company."

"I don't know," said Mary Bell. "Could I mother?"

"Would there be room for you all in the wagon?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"Yes," said Beechnut; "I could put the principal seat back a little, for Mary Bell and the children to sit upon. Mary Bell could sit in the middle, and Phonny and Malleville on each side. Then I could make a driver's seat for myself *before*.

"Well," said Mrs. Bell, "I should like on the whole to have you go."

"And how much," inquired Beechnut, "may I give for Carlo, in case I have to buy him back?"

"Why,—you may give,"—said Mrs. Bell, pausing to weigh Carlo's value in her mind,—"I would give three dollars, rather than not get him back."

"*Five*, mother," said Mary Bell, "do say five."

"Well," said Mrs. Bell. "I will say five. Or rather you may take the wagon, and I will give you five dollars when you set out. You must pay your expenses out of the money, and you

must not be gone more than one day: and all the money, except what you expend yourselves, you may use to buy back the dog."

The plan thus formed was duly executed. An account of what occurred in the course of the expedition, and the result of Beechnut's attempt to recover the dog will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

CARLO FOUND.

BEECHNUT easily obtained Mrs. Henry's permission to go in search of Carlo, and to take Phonny and Malleville with him. It was also decided that instead of Mrs. Bell's wagon, he should take his own, or rather Mrs. Henry's, as that was already fitted up with the necessary means for changing the position of the principal seat and putting in a driver's seat before, according to the plan which Beechnut had suggested to Mrs. Bell. Besides it was better to take Mrs. Henry's wagon, because it was more convenient to set off from her house in the morning, in commencing the journey; as Beechnut could take in Phonny and Malleville there, and then call for Mary Bell by the way.

The day fixed upon for the expedition was the first of September. Beechnut spent the afternoon of the day before in making the preparations. He adjusted the seats in the wagon, according to the plan which he had proposed.

Plans and arrangements for the expedition.

He filled a large basket with provisions of various kinds, such as were suitable for an encampment, for he had determined not to stop at a tavern either in going or returning, but to encamp instead, by the roadside, in order to save as much of the money as possible, for the purchase of Carlo. He was fully resolved, it is true, not to pay any more than he was absolutely compelled to pay, since he considered the dog as still rightfully belonging to Mrs. Bell. He wished, however, to have the means in his hands to make whatever payment should be demanded, in case he could not obtain the dog by any other means. Besides making provision for himself and his fellow-passengers, Beechnut put into the back part of the wagon a small bag of oats for the horse. He intended to tie the horse to a tree, at the place of his encampment, and let him eat his oats there, while he himself and the rest of the party were eating their dinner.

Beechnut arose very early on the morning of the appointed day, as soon in fact as it was light, and gave the horse his morning's provender. He then opened the great barn-doors and backed the wagon out. The children were already up, and the girl in the kitchen was preparing their

breakfast. When the breakfast was ready, however, it was found that Phonny and Malleville were both too much excited with the thoughts of their expedition to have much appetite for eating it. They got into the wagon at length just as the sun was peeping above the horizon. They were so impatient to have the journey begin, that they climbed into the wagon themselves before Beechnut had unfastened the horse.

"Come, Beechnut!" said Phonny, "we are all ready."

"Yes," said Beechnut, "and I am all ready excepting the axe; I must go and get the mountain-axe."

This "mountain-axe" was a small and light axe, which Beechnut kept expressly for the purpose of taking with him on his excursions. He had a place fitted for it in the wagon. There was a sort of cleat fastened to the side of the wagon, with a space just large enough to receive the blade of the axe and hold it firmly, while the handle extended along the side of the wagon. By being thus secured, the axe was kept from either injuring other things, or getting injured itself by the jolting, on the road. Beechnut had forgotten to put in the mountain-

axe, in the preparations which he had made the day before, and so he went to get it now.

But Phonny was impatient to go, and so he called out to Beechnut as he was walking toward the shop where the tools were kept:

"Oh never mind the axe, Beechnut. We shall not want it."

But Beechnut, paying no attention to this call, went on.

"I think it is nonsense," said Phonny to Malleville, "to stop for an axe."

Malleville thought that Beechnut knew best, but she did not like to contradict Phonny, so she said that Beechnut would only be gone a minute.

He was, indeed, gone but a very short time. When he returned, he put the axe in its place, unfastened the horse, mounted into the driver's seat, and turning the horse toward the road he fairly commenced the journey.

"Now," said Phonny, "we're off."

"Yes," said Malleville,—"only we have got to stop once more, for Mary Bell."

They found Mary Bell all ready when they arrived at her mother's house, so that they were detained only a very few minutes at the door. Mrs. Bell was there to bid them good-bye.

She gave Beechnut the money. It was all in half-dollars. There were of course ten of them. She gave him the money in this form in order that he might make out any payment which should finally be agreed upon as the ransom of the dog, without any difficulty or embarrassment in respect to change. Beechnut himself had suggested this plan to Mrs. Bell several days before. The money being received, and Mary Bell being established in her seat, the whole party bade Mrs. Bell good-bye, and went away from the door.

"*Now* we're off, really and truly," said Phonny.

"Yes," said Malleville, "and we've got some provisions, Mary Bell. We're going to encamp."

"Yes," said Phonny. "We've got every thing that we need, and one thing that I think we don't need, and that is an axe."

"Oh, we may need the axe," said Beechnut, "before we come back."

"What for?" asked Phonny.

"Oh, I could think of half a dozen purposes," said Beechnut, "that we *may* have occasion to use the axe for, on such an expedition."

"Oh, no," said Phonny, "not half a dozen.

You might, perhaps, think of one or two;—such, for example, as to build a fire at our camp."

"Yes," said Beechnut, "that is one. And then there may come up a shower of rain when we are in the middle of a long road through the woods, so that there would be no place to go to, and we should have to cut down small trees and branches, and make a hut for shelter."

"Well," that is *two*," said Phonny.

"There may be a tree blown down across the road," added Beechnut, "so that we should have to cut it away before we could get by."

"Yes," said Phonny, "I did not think of that. But then in that case we might borrow an axe of some farmer near by."

"But there might not be a farmer," said Beechnut, "within two miles of the place. Trees generally blow down across the road in wild and solitary places, and not near farmers' houses."

"Well," said Phonny, "that makes three."

"Then there may be some bridge broken down," said Beechnut, "and I might want to cut some poles to mend it with."

"Four," said Phonny. "Two more. You said half a dozen."

"Well," said Beechnut, pausing a moment to think;—"perhaps we shall see some curious stick growing by the road-side, that you will want for a cane; and then you will ask me to cut it for you with the axe."

"No," said Phonny, shaking his head. "No. I shall not want any canes. And, besides, if I do, I will cut them with my knife. You can't have that to count. There are only four."

"Well—let me think," said Beechnut—"I'll tell you; the wagon may break down, and I may need the axe to mend it,—for instance, to make a new shaft or axletree, or a wedge to drive in somewhere."

"I don't believe you could make an axletree," said Phonny, pausing to think about it a little. "However, I am willing," he added at length, "to call that five."

"Now there is only one more wanted, to make six," said Mary Bell.

"Then," said Beechnut, "there may be some obstruction or other in the road, that we cannot possibly remove, and so we may have to drive round it, through the woods a little way, and I may have to clear a passage by cutting up the logs and bushes."

"No," said Phonny, "you have had that

once. That is the same thing as cutting away the tree that had blown across the road."

"Why, that would be cutting off the trunk of a fallen tree," said Beechnut, "whereas this would be principally cutting down small trees and bushes that were standing."

"It is all clearing the road," said Phonny. "I don't think that that ought to count more than one. You can't think of any sixth case."

"Well, I have thought of five," said Beechnut, "at any rate; and it seems to me that all the other imaginable and possible disasters which might happen, ought to count as much as one, and to make out my half a dozen, even if I can not tell beforehand precisely what they are."

"No," replied Phonny, "I can not count any, unless you tell me precisely what they are."

"Then I must give it up," said Beechnut, "and acknowledge that I am beaten."

It was one of Beechnut's favorite modes of amusing himself and the children that he played with or talked with, to get into contests of this kind with persons younger than himself, and then allow them to beat him.

In this particular case, although Phonny refused to permit Beechnut to reckon the possible occurrence of some wholly unforeseen and un-

expected accident, among the six occasions for the use of the axe, it turned out in the end, as will hereafter appear, that Beechnut was right in anticipating such a possibility. A case actually did occur, which required the use of an axe, and which was entirely different from either of the five possible emergencies which he had enumerated.

Talking in this way about the various subjects connected with their expedition, and about the scenes and incidents which occurred upon the road, as they traveled along, the party journeyed on through a very picturesque and pleasant country, which, however, grew more and more wild and solitary as they proceeded. They gradually approached the mountainous country, and at length they entered a broad and fertile, but very secluded valley, which was bordered by mountains and forests on either hand. There was a large stream flowing through the midst of this valley, and the road followed the banks of the stream, now on this side, and now on that, crossing it by means of rude bridges floored over with logs, upon which the wagon jolted frightfully in passing. At length Beechnut judged that it was nearly noon, and he began to look out for a place of

encampment. He easily found one. It was at a point where a cool stream came running down from the mountains, over a bed of moss-covered stones. There was a level place near the road, where the wagon could stand. Beechnut drove the horse out of the road to this level place, and then descending from the wagon, he helped Mary Bell and the children to get out.

"Now," said Beechnut, "we have got to stay here an hour and a half, so you will have plenty of time. *There* is the basket of provisions. You may set your table where you please, and have the dinner when you please. I have nothing to do but to take care of the horse. If you wish to ramble about, either alone or together, you can go up or down the brook, or along the road either way; but you must keep in sight of one or the other, either the road or the brook, so as to be sure that you can find your way back again. And remember that we shall have to stay here an hour and a half. You will be tired enough of staying, long before the time has expired, but that cannot be helped.

"Why must we stay so long?" asked Mary Bell. "We can eat our dinner in half an hour."

"For the sake of the horse," said Beechnut.

"The horse must have an hour and a half to rest, and to eat his oats leisurely. Besides," continued Beechnut in conclusion, "I am going to lie down and go to sleep, and I advise you all to do the same."

"Hoh!" said Phonny.

The hour and a half passed away very pleasantly at the encampment, though we can not give a particular account of what occurred. At the end of the time, Beechnut and Phonny harnessed the horse again, for Beechnut had taken him entirely out of harness when they first arrived, in order that he might rest and refresh himself more perfectly, by being fully at liberty. The party then all got into the wagon, and set out upon their journey again. Beechnut said that he thought that they should get into Number Five in the course of an hour.

After riding nearly an hour, they met a teamster coming along the road, driving a yoke of oxen. The oxen were drawing a huge log, one end of which rested upon the axletree of a pair of heavy wheels, and the other dragged upon the ground.

The teamster drove out to one side of the road a little way, when he saw Beechnut's wagon coming, in order to make room for the

wagon to go by. As Beechnut advanced toward him, the teamster stood leaning against the neck of one of his oxen, looking at the party in the wagon with a countenance expressive of curiosity and surprise. When Beechnut arrived opposite to the team, he stopped his horse, and asked the stranger how far it was to Number Five.

"To Number Five?" repeated the teamster. "You are in Number Five now. You have been in Number Five for three miles back."

While saying this, the teamster was very busily engaged in scrutinizing the wagon and the party which it contained, with very earnest attention. He looked first at the children, then at the horse, and then at the wagon, which last he surveyed carefully in every part, above and below, and behind and before. He wondered what could have brought such a party in such an equipage back among the mountains.

"What part of Number Five is it that you want to go to?" resumed the teamster.

"Oh, I don't know," said Beechnut in a careless manner. "We are only riding about a little. We want to see the town. Where do the inhabitants live,—or are there no inhabitants."

"Oh, yes," said the teamster, "there are

plenty of farmers scattered about among the mountains."

"Do you happen to know of any body hereabouts," said Beechnut, "that has got a good dog that he would like to sell. I want to buy a good dog."

"A dog?" repeated the teamster, still more surprised.

"Yes," said Beechnut.

"What kind of a dog do you want?" asked the teamster.

"Oh, I want a good-natured dog," replied Beechnut—"pretty good size."

"For a watch dog?" asked the man.

"Why—not exactly," said Beechnut. "We want him to stay about the house and play with the children, rather than to do much watching."

"There's a man over here, on the other side of a pond, that you will come to pretty soon, that's got a first-rate watch-dog. But I think it probable he would be too savage for you. They have to keep him chained all the daytime."

"*That* can't be Carlo," said Mary Bell, in a whisper to Malleville.

Beechnut, however, not knowing how far Carlo might have acquired a savage character,

The teamster describes a savage sort of dog.

through the influence of hard treatment among his new keepers, thought that he would make sure of the fact, by asking further questions.

"What color is the dog?" asked Beechnut.

"He's of a very dark color," said the teamster.

"How long has that man had him?" asked Beechnut.

"Oh, he has had him a great many years," replied the teamster. "*I* have known him five or six years."

"And you don't know of any body else about here that has got a good dog?" said Beechnut.

The man said that he did not; and then Beechnut, thanking him for his information, bade him good-bye, and drove on.

A short time after this, they came in sight of the pond, and just beyond it was a small and plain farm-house. Just before the wagon reached this house, the children were startled by the sudden leaping up of a great and ferocious-looking dog, that was chained to a tree by the side of the house. The clanking of his heavy chain, as he sprang forward to the utmost length of it, and the frightful sound of his hoarse and heavy barking, was really terrific.

"Mercy!" said Mary Bell. "What a dreadful dog!"

VERY SAVAGE.

"You *are* a little too savage for us, old fellow, I think myself," said Beechnut, waving his whip toward the dog. "Lie down and go to sleep again."

"Yes," said Phonny; "do you think that Mary Bell and I look like thieves and robbers?"

So they went on.

Beechnut stopped several times as he traveled along, to talk with the people that he met

by the way, or saw at work in their fields, and made inquiries of them, similar to those which he had addressed to the teamster. The people told him of various dogs owned in the township, but the descriptions which they gave of them, did not correspond with the appearance and character of Carlo. At last, however, a man whom they found at work by the side of the road, near his house, making a frame for a shed, said that there was a man who lived about two miles away, over on another road, who had a very *knowing* dog,—the most knowing dog, he thought, in town.

"That's Carlo," whispered Mary Bell to Malleville, "I verily believe."

"Is he kind?" asked Beechnut.

"Yes," said the man. "I believe he is rather too kind. He is not good for much for a watch-dog, but he's very knowing. When Uncle Jerry is out a-haying, I've heard say that he would give his dog a tin-pail and send him down to the spring to get a pail of water."

Mary Bell touched Malleville with her elbow, but did not say a word.

"The dog," continued the farmer, "would take the handle of the pail in his mouth, and go to the spring and dip the pail up full of cool

water, and then bring it back to Uncle Jerry. That's what I've heard say, but I never saw him do it."

"Is the man's name Uncle Jerry?" asked Phonny.

"We call him Uncle Jerry," replied the farmer; "his real name is Golding."

The farmer told Beechnut, moreover, in answer to further questions, that the dog was of a dark color and of rather large size, and that Mr. Golding had brought him home from one of his journeys two or three months before. Beechnut concluded that this must be Carlo, and so, after inquiring particularly where Mr. Golding lived, he thanked the farmer for his information, and drove on.

Mr. Golding's house was a rude sort of cabin, situated under a hill, near a stream of water. Beechnut, before he came in sight of the house, charged Phonny very distinctly not to say a word, or to take any part whatever in the proceedings, at the house, nor to take any notice of Carlo, in case he should see him. Beechnut did not give any charges of this kind to Mary Bell and Malleville, for he knew that they would hear and obey whatever directions he gave to Phonny.

At length, the party came suddenly into sight of Mr. Golding's house, at a turn of the road.

Beechnut drove directly by. Phonny asked him if he was not going to stop.

"You must not speak," said Beechnut, "or ask any questions."

After Beechnut had passed the house, he went on until he came to a broad place in the road, and there he turned his wagon round and then came back. He stopped before the house, and got out of the wagon. A very rough-looking man, with black shaggy hair and beard, and with an axe in his hand, came out from a shed at the side of the house to see who it was that stopped, and what they wanted.

"Is this Mr. Golding?" asked Beechnut.

"My name is Golding," said the man.

"I understand," said Beechnut, that you have got a pretty knowing dog, that you would be willing to sell, and I should like to see him, and perhaps buy him."

"Well," said Mr. Golding, doubtfully,—"I don't know. The dog is a first-rate dog. I don't care particularly about selling him. I could not take less than five dollars for him, at any rate. He is a first-rate dog. Here Jack!"

he added, turning round toward the shed and speaking as if calling to the dog. "Here Jock! Come here!"

"Oh," said Malleville, in a whisper to Mary Bell. "His name is Jock. It's another dog. I was in hopes it was Carlo."

"Hush!" said Mary Bell.

"I call him Jock," said Mr. Golding, "but I don't know what his real name is. I have not had him very long."

Just then Jock appeared, walking very deliberately around the corner of the house. It was really Carlo. The sight made it extremely difficult for Mary Bell and Phonny to sit still.

"Yes," said Beechnut, as if talking to himself, but yet intending that Mr. Golding should hear. "That's the dog." Then turning to Mr. Golding, he said:

"The fact is, Mr. Golding, that we lost a dog some months ago at Haverhill, and I thought from the description that yours must be the one. I did not come, however, to take him away from you, but to buy him; and I am willing to pay you what you gave for him, half-a-dollar; though as a matter of *right*, I suppose we are entitled to take away our dog whenever we can find him."

"But how do I know that he is your dog?" asked Mr. Golding, speaking in rather a surly tone. "You claim him, but what proof is there that he is yours?"

"Call him, Mary Bell," said Beechnut.

Mary Bell was very glad to hear this order. She turned round eagerly toward Carlo and called him.

The instant that Carlo heard the sound of her voice his whole appearance changed. He pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and looked excited. In a moment he ran toward the wagon, leaped up into it at a bound, overwhelmed Mary Bell with his caresses, frightened Malleville, and in fact almost upset her in her seat, and then leaping down again he began to race round and round the wagon, first this way and then that, as if he were distracted.

"Drive on, Mary Bell," said Beechnut, "up the hill. I will overtake you presently."

Mary Bell, who had the reins in her hand all the time, began to drive on. The instant that Carlo saw that the wagon was in motion he set off upon the full run along the road, and was soon lost to view. Mr. Golding called "JOCK! HERE JOCK!" as loud as he could call; and Beechnut vociferated "CARLO! HERE CAR-

LO!" in concert. But Carlo had got the idea of going home again fairly into his head, and away he bounded along the road, like the wind.

Beechnut took out one of his half-dollars, and holding it in his hand, he told Mr. Golding that he would give him that, but that he did not think he ought to give any more.

"Well," said Mr. Golding, with a sort of a sigh. "The dog is well worth five dollars,—any man's money. But since you say he is yours, I suppose I must let him go. And, besides, I expect it would be rather hard to get him back again, now he has got a notion into his head of going home."

"Yes," said Beechnut, "I expect it would."

So Beechnut gave Mr. Golding the half-dollar, and the affair was settled. Before he went away, however, he asked Mr. Golding if it was true that he could send Carlo to a spring and make him dip up a pail of water.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Golding, "he will do that. And once he saved my house from burning up, by putting it out when it got on fire."

"How was that?" asked Beechnut.

"Why, he came into the kitchen one day," said Mr. Golding, "and he found that a coal had snapped out into the middle of the floor,

and the boards were all in a blaze. Carlo began to bark, and run around the room, and presently he found an old woolen mat that was lying at the door. He seized this with his teeth, and dragged it over the place that was burning, and so stifled the fire. We were all out in the field at the time, but we heard him barking, and thought that something was the matter, and so we came in;—and there we found Carlo jumping about the mat in the middle of the room, and barking at the smoke that was coming up through it."

Beechnut laughed at this story, and then bidding Mr. Golding good-bye, he walked on up the hill. He found Mary Bell waiting for him at the top of it, and as for Carlo, he was just in sight, as far along the road as they could see, standing in the middle of the road, and watching the wagon. The moment he saw Beechnut get into it, he bounded on again, and though Beechnut drove very fast, and he and Mary Bell and Phonny were all continually calling him, they could not get any nearer to him than just to keep him in sight, for nearly ten miles.

The party got home late that night, meeting with no special adventures by the way, except that when they stopped at their encampment

going home, Phonny, in giving three cheers of exultation for the recovery of Carlo, threw his cap so high into the air, that in coming down it lodged upon the top of a tall and slender tree, which it was impossible to climb, because it had no branches near the ground. So Phonny had to ask Beechnut to bring his axe and cut the tree down. This proved the wisdom of providing, as Beechnut had suggested, for the pos sibility that other contingencies might occur, requiring the use of the axe, besides the five which he had enumerated.

The whole party arrived at Mrs. Bell's just before dark. Beechnut left Mary Bell on the great stone step of the door, with Carlo by her side and nine of Mrs. Bell's half-dollars in her hand, and then hastened home himself with Malleville and Phonny.

CHAPTER VII.

CORDELIA.

DURING the interval which elapsed between the losing and the finding of Carlo, the boys and girls of the village had made considerable progress in the work of the new path up to the Peak. When the plan was first formed, it was intended to finish the work in one day: but this was found impracticable. The young workmen found a great deal more to do than they had expected; or rather, as they became interested in the work, they extended their plans, and undertook more than they had at first intended. They assembled in small companies, each on its own section of the road, on several successive Saturdays, and thus made a slow, but yet very decided progress. At length, however, they began to grow tired of the work. They had undertaken, in fact, more extensive improvements than they had strength and perseverance to execute, and thus had begun to get somewhat tired and discouraged; so that it happened that at the time when Beechnut and

Beechnut's plan for getting it finished.

Mary Bell went in pursuit of Carlo, with Phonny and Malleville, as described in the last chapter, the operations on the road had been for two or three weeks almost entirely suspended. Mary Bell asked Beechnut, as they were riding home from Number Five, what they could do to get the work completed.

"Why you must have a plan for some sort of grand celebration," said Beechnut, "to take place as soon as the path is done. Then the boys will work hard to finish the path, so as to have the celebration."

"Yes," said Mary Bell. "That will be an excellent plan, I think. I will talk with Caroline about it."

Caroline, when she came to be consulted by Mary Bell, liked the plan of the celebration very much. She immediately made it known among the boys, and it infused into their minds a new stimulus, and made them all very eager for the completion of the work. She asked some of the older boys, how soon they thought it would be safe to appoint the time for the celebration. They said, the next week. But Phonny, when he heard of the affair, begged Caroline to put off the celebration till the week after the next, for then he expected his cousin

Wallace in town, and he was very desirous that Wallace should be present at the celebration. Besides, Wallace would help them finish the road, if any thing should remain to be done after he arrived. So Caroline very willingly postponed the day. In fact, she thought herself that it would be very pleasant to have Wallace at the celebration.

Wallace was a young college student. He had often been at Franconia in his vacations, and he was well acquainted with Caroline and with Mary Bell, as well as with most of the other girls and boys of the village. He was very young, although he was a college student, being between thirteen and fourteen years of age.

Wallace arrived at Franconia on Saturday evening. The day fixed upon for the celebration was on the following Tuesday. On Monday, Wallace went about the neighborhood to make calls upon his old friends. He began at the village, and went first to see several of the boys who had been his play-mates in former years. He found some of them at home, and some at stores and other places of business where they were beginning to be employed as young men. He called next at Caroline's.

She lived in a large and handsome white house, in the center of the village. Wallace entered at a gate and walked up a paved walk, with beautiful trees and shrubbery on each side of it, all of which were kept in fine order by the gardener. He rang at the door of the house, and was received by a domestic, who ushered him into a very handsomely-furnished parlor. It was rather dark when Wallace first went in, but the girl opened the shutters and that made it lighter. Wallace took a seat upon a splendid sofa, and the girl went away, saying that she would speak to Miss Caroline.

It was some time before Caroline appeared, and Wallace amused himself by looking around the room. Some of the furniture was new, and some he recollected to have seen there before. There was a center-table in the middle of the room, with beautiful books upon it, and also a large and splendid lamp, with a large globe of ground glass at the top. Then there were carved chairs and sofas, and a magnificent piano, and handsome curtains at the windows, and paintings upon the walls, and great mirrors. Every thing was very splendid, but Wallace became tired of looking at them long before Caroline came.

"I suppose she is waiting to dress herself prettily," said Wallace, "but I would rather that she would come quick."

Caroline appeared after a time, and she was dressed very prettily indeed. She was naturally very beautiful, and she had a great deal of taste, so that her appearance was extremely prepossessing. She shook hands very cordially with Wallace, when she came in, and said that she was extremely pleased to see him.

"I heard," said she, "that you were coming about this time, and I was very glad, for I want to invite you to attend the celebration of the opening of our new road to the Peak tomorrow."

Wallace said that he should be very happy to be of the party. He conversed with Caroline some time longer in respect to the celebration and the road to the Peak, and said that he was sorry that he had not been in town so as to do his share in the construction of the work. At the proper time he rose and took his leave.

After making all his other calls, he went round, on his way home, by the road which led by Mrs. Bell's, to call and see Mary. As he walked up into the yard, he saw Mrs. Bell sit-

ting at the window, in an easy chair: but she looked pale and sick. Her eye brightened up, however, at once when she saw Wallace. She accosted him with great cordiality, and asked him to walk in. "Come and see me a few minutes first," said she, "and then you may go and find Mary Bell. She is in the garden."*

So Wallace walked into the room where Mrs. Bell was sitting, and began to talk with her about his coming home from college, and how long he was going to stay, and how his father and mother were, in New York, when suddenly Mary Bell herself came in from the garden. She was dressed very plainly, and neatly, and she had a sun-bonnet upon her head, the cape to which hung down over her shoulders. Beneath this bonnet her happy face beamed with an expression of excitement and pleasure, which was called forth by the gratification it gave her to see Wallace again. Wallace went up to her to shake hands with her, and said that he was

* It may seem strange that Mrs. Bell should always call her daughter by her full name, Mary Bell, instead of simply Mary. She acquired the habit of so doing in former years to distinguish her from a certain Mary Erskine who lived for a long time in her family, and whose history is given in another volume.

very glad to see her. She gave him her hand, saying at the same time, timidly,

"I was out in the garden, and I saw you coming, and so I came in."

"What are you doing in the garden," asked Wallace, "at this time of the year?"

"Oh, I am gathering my mother's seeds," said Mary Bell. "I always gather the seeds."

After a little time, Wallace went out into the garden with Mary Bell to see what she was doing. The seeds that she was gathering were the seeds of common garden vegetables. Mary Bell was accustomed to gather them, and lay them in the sun to dry, and afterwards to rub them out of their various husks and capsules, and finally to put them up neatly in papers, to be used the next spring.

"Are they really good for any thing?" asked Wallace, as he saw the seeds all arranged along a bench in the garden.

"Certainly," said Mary Bell. "My mother says that the seeds which I gather for her, save her half a dollar every spring."

Wallace assisted Mary Bell for a little time in putting up her seeds, and then they went together to find Carlo. Mary Bell had told Wallace the story of the dog's getting lost, and of

the adventures which she had had in going with Beechnut to find him; and so Wallace was curious to see the dog. As they walked along, Wallace spoke of the celebration which was to take place the next day, and said he hoped that Mary Bell would be there. Mary Bell said that she did not know whether she should go or not, for her mother was not well.

"Oh, she will let you go," said Wallace.

"Yes. I suppose she would," said Mary Bell, "if I should ask her; but I am not going to ask her until I see how she is to-night."

"Why you might tell her about it now," said Wallace, "and ask her if you can go, in case she is well enough."

"But I don't wish to have her know any thing about it," said Mary Bell, "unless she is well enough to have me go; for if she knows there is to be a celebration, she will think that I wish to go, and so she will be uneasy all day, in having me stay at home."

Wallace did not reply to this, but he thought that Mary Bell was very considerate and kind. He said, finally, that he hoped that she would go, and after some farther conversation, he bade Mary Bell good-bye, and went home.

The next morning, Wallace sent Phonny

very early to Mrs. Bell's, to ask Mary if she was going. He charged Phonny to ask her privately. In due time Phonny came back, saying that Mary Bell had told him that her mother was a little better, but that she was not well enough to be left alone, and that Mary Bell accordingly was not to go. Wallace was very sorry. Malleville was very sorry too. She said that she had a great mind not to go to the celebration herself, but to go instead and keep Mary Bell company, at home with her mother. She concluded finally, however, to go to the celebration, as Mrs. Henry thought it was not best for her to go to see Mary Bell while her mother was sick.

The celebration party met at one o'clock in the afternoon, at a gateway which opened into a path in a field leading to the Peak. The field was a narrow, but beautiful, meadow, very green, and bordered on the side opposite to the road, by a grove of trees, which was in fact the margin of the forest. The path led along under these trees for a short distance, and presently turned down into a little dell toward a brook. It was at this brook that the work of the boys had commenced, in making their road.

The work done here was the placing of some

stepping-stones, so as to make a way for getting across the brook easily. There had only been a fording-place before, made by the cows in walking through the water. The children had always had great trouble in jumping across this brook, and often got their feet wet or their shoes muddy. Now there were three heavy and solid stones—all smooth and flat upon the upper surface—placed at equal distances from each other, one in the middle of the brook, and the others near the banks. It was very easy to step from one of these stones to the other. In fact, it was so easy and so safe, that several of the little girls when the party passed over, ran back and forth over the stepping-stones several times. On the side of a large stone half embedded in the bank, very near the spot, the letters S. and L. were painted with black paint. These letters were not very large, but they were very distinct, There was a circle around them. The letters stood for Sarah and Louisa, the girls who had had charge of this section of the road.

From the stepping-stones the path passed up through the woods, in a gently ascending course. The boys had cut down the bushes that were in the way, and dragged off the old logs, and roots, and stones, and dead branches, which had pre-

viously encumbered the path. At length the road emerged from the wood, and came out upon the steep side of a hill overgrown with ferns and mosses, and with a surface sadly disfigured with cradle holes and hummocks. Here there was another stone, marked A. A. One of the letters was for Anna, and the other for Augusta. A good deal of digging was required to make the path good across this land, but the work had been effectually accomplished, and the whole party went on over this part of the road with great satisfaction and pleasure.

The next section of the road led over a tract which was covered with loose stones. The boys had contrived to arrange the stones along the path in this section so as to make quite a respectable pavement.

Thus the party continued to advance over one section after another of the road, stopping sometimes to admire the improvements which had been made, and at others to examine the monuments, and to call over the names which the initials denoted. At length, somewhat tired, from the labor of the ascent, which was, after all, pretty arduous, notwithstanding the improved condition of the way, they reached the summit, and putting the various baskets

and bags with which they were loaded on a great flat stone, they sat down themselves upon the rocks and upon mossy banks to rest.

THE PEAK.

The place which had been fixed upon for the collation was round on the shady side of the Peak, a little below the summit, where there was a spring of cool water in a little sequestered dell, with steep precipices overhung with mosses and climbing vines, and dark evergreens, behind it. Here the party assembled, and after spending half an hour in opening their stores

and spreading their tables, they began the feast, for which their exertions in climbing had given them an excellent appetite. Caroline was, as usual, the leader and directress of every thing, and she made everybody happy by her good humor, her playful wit, and the adroitness and dexterity with which she performed the duties of management. She kept everybody and every thing under her direction and control, and yet she accomplished her ends by means so graceful and so winning, that everybody was pleased. Wallace admired her very much, and yet he was, after all, very sorry that Mary Bell was not there.

After the collation was over, Caroline proposed that the whole party, except the little children, should make an excursion along the rocks to see a waterfall about a quarter of a mile distant. The little children, she said, could not go very well, it was so far; and besides, they could not climb over the rocks. They might stay, therefore, Caroline said, and play about the Peak until the rest came back. There were about six whom Caroline considered little. Some of them were willing to stay, others did not like the plan at all. They wished very much to go and see the waterfall; and

then more than that, they did not like to be called *little*.

Wallace concluded on the whole that he would stay with this party that was to be left behind. There were, without him, enough boys to wait upon all the girls that were to go. As for Caroline herself, she had had, he thought, abundance of attention all the day. She always contrived to have several of the boys in close attendance upon her, and she had that day managed in such a manner as to have Wallace generally among them. On the whole, Wallace concluded that some how or other, though he scarcely knew why, he would rather remain with the little girls. Caroline was somewhat displeased at this. She could not, however, decidedly object to it, for, as Wallace said, it might not be quite safe to leave the little girls at the Peak alone. She seemed, however, notwithstanding this reasoning, to consider Wallace's remaining behind, as in some sense a personal slight, and in setting out for the waterfall she went away at the head of the company that were to go, with an air of offended and haughty dignity.

The children left behind were somewhat tired, and after rambling about the rocks a little

while, gathering mosses and flowers, they found a very good place to sit down. After establishing themselves pleasantly here, they called to Wallace and asked him if he would not come to tell them a story. Wallace came and sat down beside them, saying,

"Yes, I will tell you a story. What shall it be about?"

"About New York," said one of the younger girls. She had never been at New York, and so she wished to hear something about the manners and customs of the city.

"Well," said Wallace, "I will tell you about an excursion we took from New York up the Hudson river to the Palisades."

"The Palisades, you must know," continued Wallace, "are a long range of precipices as high as the Peak, and perfectly perpendicular, that is, steep like a wall, toward the river. They extend along the river a great many miles, and nobody could possibly climb up to the top of them from the side toward the water, it is so steep."

"At the lower end of the Palisades," continued Wallace, "that is, where they begin, there is a sort of gap or valley, very green and pleasant, opening from the river to the country

beyond, and here there is a path that leads up to the top of the Palisades. At the bottom of this valley, on the bank of the river, there is a good landing where there is a ferry that comes from across the river. They call it Bull's Ferry."

"Is it because they ferry the bulls across there?" asked one of the little children.

"No," said Wallace, "I presume not. Perhaps the man that first established the ferry was named Mr. Bull. I don't know how that may be. I only know it is always called Bull's Ferry; and as it is only a short and pleasant sail up the river from New York, and inasmuch as when you get there you can climb to the top of the Palisades, it makes it a very pleasant excursion to go to Bull's Ferry. A little while ago when I was at New York, there was to be an excursion to this Bull's Ferry, and I was invited to go. The gentleman who had charge of the excursion was named Mr. James, and there were several girls and boys in the party, all older than you.

"I was not much acquainted with the girls or the boys myself," continued Wallace," and so I did not talk with them a great deal. I sat and observed them to see which I should like the

best. I thought I would watch their actions and see which of them would make me the best wife, in case I were old enough to be married."

Wallace felt some little curiosity to observe whether the children would smile at the oddity of this supposition, but they did not. They all sat still and listened with an air of the most serious and profound attention.

"There was one girl," continued Wallace, "named Cordelia. Her countenance wore a very animated and beaming expression, and the tones of her voice, and her laugh, were so full of joyousness, that it was a constant pleasure to hear her. I thought she must have a very contented and happy disposition. I determined to watch her and see what she would do.

"The wind blew very fresh when the steamboat moved from the wharf, and as it was early in the morning, it was rather cold. Mr. James found a place where he could pin up his cloak upon some awning-posts, and so make a sort of shelter. It was very difficult to pin up the cloak, on account of the force of the wind, but finally, he accomplished it, and when it was done, a great many of the girls came eagerly and gathered behind it, to enjoy the shelter.

Cordelia, however, was not there. There was not room for all, so she took a seat upon a camp-stool, in the best place that she could find. By and by, when the steamboat came pretty near to the end of the voyage, all the girls who had been behind the cloak, jumped up and ran forward to see the landing. Mr. James then tried to take down the cloak, but the wind flapped it in his face, and he could not find the pins. Cordelia, seeing this, came over to help him. 'Why, Mr. James!' said she. 'You took all this pains to make a shelter for them, and now they have every one gone off and left you to take down the cloak alone!'"

"Why did not you go and help him, Mr. Wallace?" asked one of the little girls who were listening to Wallace's story.

"I did," said Wallace, "and got there just in time to hear what Cordelia was saying to Mr. James. I then said to myself, 'Yes, she would make a good wife. She is considerate, grateful, and kind-hearted.'

"Some time after this," continued Wallace, "after we had been up to the top of the Palisades, and had come down again to the shore, we were all amusing ourselves in a little cove by the bank of the river. Two of the boys

were standing on the edge of the water, building a pier with small flat stones. One of them stood where the rippling waves dashed up over his feet, so as to wet his shoes and stockings. The girls were sitting in various places on the rocks around, looking on with interest and pleasure, while the boys built their pier. They seemed to be amused at seeing Thomas get his feet so wet. Cordelia, however, looked anxious and distressed. 'He ought not to do so,' said she, speaking to herself; 'his shoes will be spoiled, and they are new ones that his mother bought for him yesterday.' I heard her say this, for I was near by, although she did not know it; so I said to myself, 'Yes, she will make a good wife. She is thoughtful and considerate, and careful of property.'

"By and by we got through our visit at the Ferry, and set out on our return home. We sat upon the deck of the steamboat, looking at the beautiful scenery on the shores of the river. The wind had gone down, and the weather was delightful. The beams of the sun, however, were very powerful, and the girls of the party seemed all very much afraid that they should get sunburnt or tanned. They were covering their faces very carefully with their veils. Cor-

delia had a bouquet of beautiful wild flowers, which she had collected on the Palisades, and she took her green veil off from her bonnet, and covered her flowers with it, hoping by that means to protect them from the sun till she could get them home. I observed her and said to myself, 'Yes; I like Cordelia. She values and enjoys the beauty which she sees around her, and thinks but little of her own.'"

Just then Malleville started up suddenly, and clapping her hands, called out,

"Why here comes Mary Bell!" The party all turned in the direction where Malleville was looking, and there they saw Mary Bell and another girl coming up the path together. Mrs. Bell had become very much better, and having accidentally heard of the celebration, had urged Mary Bell to go up to the Peak, and enjoy at least a part of the pleasure. Thus a very important accession was made to Wallace's party. He enjoyed himself very much in talking with them all, and in rambling about and telling more stories, for about an hour, when at length Caroline returned with her company from the waterfall, and then they all went down the hill together.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WAGON RIDE.

ABOUT a week after the celebration at the Peak, Wallace formed a plan for a ride. He procured two large covered wagons, and with Beechnut's assistance, he arranged three comfortable seats in each. Each of these seats would accommodate three passengers, so that the whole party was to consist of eighteen persons, nine in each wagon. It was expected that by means of this arrangement, so many could be together in one vehicle, that they would have very merry times as they rode along.

The whole party set off in the afternoon, immediately after dinner. Beechnut was to go, and he had charge of one wagon, while Wallace had charge of the other. There were two horses to each wagon, as one horse would not have been sufficient to draw so heavy a load. The day was delightful, as the sky was clear and the air was cool. The country, too, was very beautiful, though robed, of course, at this

season of the year, in brown, autumnal colors. The party took a road which led along the bank of the river, up the stream. The road conducted them through a wild and romantic valley, which presented everywhere a great variety of enchanting prospects. Sometimes lofty precipices were seen towering over the road upon one hand, while the river meandered in a foaming torrent along its rocky bed on the other. Then, perhaps, after going on amid such scenery as this for a time, the wagons would suddenly enter a wood, dark, sombre, and solitary, with birds singing in prolonged and varied notes, on the tops of distant trees. After a short time again, the party would emerge from the wood as suddenly as they had entered it, and find themselves in the midst of fertile fields of ripened corn, or of orchards, with vast multitudes of rose-colored or golden-colored apples, adorning the trees. Whenever among these orchards the children observed a tree upon which the apples appeared to be particularly sweet and juicy, they stopped to gather some of them. The farmers would always give them as many as they wished to take.

They went on thus very pleasantly, all the party enjoying the ride very much, until they

had reached the end of their excursion, and were about setting out on their return; and then a difficulty occurred of a somewhat singular character, which resulted, in part, at least, from what had taken place at the celebration on the Peak. At the time when this difficulty occurred, the party were, in fact, only about two miles from home in a straight line,—and yet they could not get home without riding ten or twelve miles. The reason of this was, that after going up the river five or six miles, they had crossed the river by a bridge in a lonely place among the mountains, and had then come down on the other side, until they were nearly opposite to the place from whence they had started. As, however, the river was between, and as there was no bridge nearer than the one that they had come over, they could not get home without going back by the way that they came. It is true, there was a ferry across the river, as well as a bridge; but the ferry was several miles below where they were, so that the best way to return was undoubtedly by the bridge. Thus the party were now, by the road, ten or twelve miles from home.

The object of the excursion had been to ascend a high hill which was situated in this

Situation of the wagons. How the company were seated.

region, and which commanded a very extensive view. The party ascended the hill, and enjoyed the prospect, and were now on their return.

Beechnut, with the wagon which he was driving, was in advance. The two wagons were accustomed to keep at some distance apart, in order that the one which was behind might not be incommoded by any dust that might be raised by the other. Beechnut and his party were, accordingly, so far in advance that they only appeared in view from time to time, at a distance, along the road. The wagon in which Wallace was riding, followed. Parker was driving it. He sat, of course, on the front seat. Caroline sat upon one side of him, and Augusta upon the other. Mary Bell and Malleville were upon the middle seat, and Wallace sat behind. The curtains of the wagon were rolled up, so that all the party had an unobstructed view on every side.

At length, in passing by a farm-house, Caroline said that she was thirsty, and she proposed to Parker to stop the wagon in order that they might all get a drink of water.

"Wallace will get us the water," said she, "for he can get out most easily."

They stop for a drink. Wallace and the little girl.

"Yes," said Wallace; "I can get out very easily, indeed."

So saying, and, in fact, before Parker had wholly stopped the horses, Wallace got out at a sort of a side-door, which was between the second and third seats, where there was an iron step leading to the ground. He walked up toward the farm-house, which was at a little distance from the road, to ask for some water.

He knocked at the door, and a little girl came to see who was there. Wallace asked her if she would be good enough to give him a mug of water. She answered with much alacrity that she would go and get some. She then went into the house again, leaving Wallace at the door.

Wallace turned around and looked toward the wagon, which remained all this time standing quietly in the road. It was too far off for him to speak, but he waved his handkerchief to indicate to the party in the wagon that things were in proper train for getting some water. He remained standing in this position at the door for some time, until at length he began to wonder what the girl in the house was doing.

The fact was, that the girl found, on looking at the water-pail, in the house, that the water

in it had been standing for some time; and not wishing to offer any but good cool and fresh water to so genteel a-looking stranger as Wallace, she had concluded to go to the spring and get some more. It was this that occasioned the delay.

While she was gone, and Wallace remained standing at the step, Malleville saw a flower growing by the roadside, and she asked Mary Bell to let her get out and gather it.

"Oh no, child," said Caroline, "sit still; Wallace will be back very soon, and then we shall want to go directly on."

"Oh let her get out," said Parker. "After Wallace brings the water and we have all drank, he will have to go back to the farm-house with the mug, so that there will be plenty of time."

"Yes," said Mary Bell, "and I will get out with her, and so help her to get back again."

Accordingly, Mary Bell and Malleville got out together. Malleville climbed very slowly down the step, and just as she reached the ground, she saw Wallace coming down the farmer's yard, with the mug of water in one hand, and a tumbler in the other.

Malleville found several flowers, one after

another, growing in the grass, and she remained gathering them until all in the wagon had had their drink. Wallace then offered some water to Mary Bell, and finally, after she had drank, he began to go back toward the house with the mug and the tumbler. Malleville did not wish for any water. She was too much occupied with her flowers to be thirsty.

"Come, Malleville," said Mary Bell, "we must get in."

"Yes," said Malleville, "in one minute. Here is one more flower that I want to get."

"We shall have to wait for her," said Caroline. "I knew we should." Then suddenly, as if a new thought just struck her, she added, "Drive on, Parker; let us run away from them a little way."

So Parker began to drive on. Caroline looked around to see what Mary Bell and Malleville appeared to think of being thus left behind. Malleville, she observed, looked a little frightened; but Mary Bell stood quietly by the roadside, smiling, and seeming to be entirely at her ease.

Caroline, seeing that Mary Bell appeared so unconcerned, directed Parker to drive forward,

saying, "We will go on far enough to frighten her a little, at any rate."

Besides, she just then saw Wallace coming down from the farm-house, and she determined at once that it would be good fun to teaze him and Mary Bell a little, together. She was good-natured about it, it is true, intending only a little harmless pleasantry; and yet there was, after all, a slight tinge of jealousy and ill-will in the state of her feelings. She could not help fancying, that Wallace liked Mary Bell better than he did her, and she had not entirely forgiven his coolness in not wishing to accompany her on the excursion to the water-fall, at the day of the celebration upon the Peak. When she came back from the water-fall, and found that Mary Bell had come up the mountain and joined Wallace and his party during her absence, she could not help suspecting that there had been some secret understanding between them in respect to Mary Bell's coming. She was, however, wrong about this. Mary Bell had not had the least idea of coming up until half an hour before she left home, and Wallace had no thought whatever of seeing her. The meeting was wholly accidental.

The occurrences, however, left a trace of

dissatisfaction and displeasure upon Caroline's mind, and caused her to be more willing to make some amusement for her party now, at Mary Bell's expense.

"Drive on," said she to Parker. "Let us see what they will do."

Mary Bell began to feel a little troubled. Just then Wallace came to the place where she was standing.

"They are going to run away from us," said she.

"Never mind that," said Wallace, "they will not run very far, I think." And then, in order to show to Caroline's party that he was not very much concerned at being thus left behind, he began to examine Malleville's bouquet, assuming all the time a very unconcerned and contented air.

"What pretty flowers!" said he.

"Yes," said Malleville, "but they are leaving us behind. Come, let us run."

"Oh, no," said Wallace. "We will walk along quietly. They will stop for us pretty soon."

So Wallace began to walk along the road very composedly, following the wagon and talking with Mary Bell. The horses were walking

along slowly, too. The company in the wagon were looking back at them, laughing and making burlesque bows of salutation.

Wallace took off his hat, and made very polite bows in return.

"We had better run," said Mary Bell. "They will not stop for us, unless we run and overtake them. That is what they want to make us do."

"Well," said Wallace. "If you wish it."

So they began to run.

"They are coming, Parker," said the children in the back part of the wagon. "Whip up. They are coming, and they will catch us."

"Yes, whip up, Parker," said Caroline, "or they will catch us."

So Parker whipped up his horses, and soon got them into a canter, which, of course, carried them forward much faster than Wallace and Mary Bell could run. So Wallace stopped.

"You see it is of no use to run," said Wallace. "We will walk along quietly, until they get tired of their nonsense, and then they will stop."

"I hope you are having a very pleasant walk, ladies and gentleman," said Caroline, calling out from the wagon. This call was responded to by all who were in the wagon, with long and

loud peals of laughter. Wallace waved his handkerchief, as if in acknowledgment of Caroline's kind wishes, and sauntered slowly along by the side of Mary Bell.

"I'll pay her for laughing at us, sometime or other," said Malleville.

"They are walking along together as if they enjoyed it," said Caroline, in the wagon. "But we will make them alter their opinion before we let them get in again, won't we, Parker?"

"Yes," replied Parker, "that we will."

"Whip up," said Caroline; "let us make them run a little."

Parker whipped the horses and made them trot on for a considerable distance. Wallace and his party were left very far behind.

"Well," said Wallace, "I don't see but that we shall be obliged to give it up. Let us sit down on this stone and consider what to do."

There was a large stone by the side of the road at this point, and Wallace leading the way, they all three went and sat down upon it. Mary Bell and Malleville both began to look tired and anxious.

"There!" said Mary Bell, as soon as they were seated on the rock, "they have stopped. They are going to let us get in. Let us go."

Wallace and his company accordingly all rose from their seats, went into the road again, and began to hurry along toward the wagon. But as soon as Parker and Caroline saw them coming, they whipped up the horses again, and went on as fast as ever.

Wallace and his party then slackened their pace, knowing well that they could not overtake the horses by running after them, and began to consider what to do.

"They have made us walk now," said Wallace, "about half a mile, and that is far enough for any reasonable allowance of joking. I think that the best plan for us is to give it up and not try to overtake them any more."

"But then how shall we get home?" asked Mary Bell. "It must be ten miles or more."

"It is ten miles round by the road," replied Wallace, "but we might go the other way, and get across the river by some means or other. It can not be more than two or three miles in a straight course."

"But we can not get across the river," said Mary Bell.

"Oh yes," said Wallace. "I can get you across in some way or other. Or if I can not do that, I can get another wagon of some or

the farmers here, and take you home round by the ferry."

Mary Bell did not know what to say to this proposal. She was silent, and seemed much perplexed.

"There is one other plan," said Wallace, after a short pause. "I think it possible that Caroline and Parker will allow you and Malleville to get into the wagon, if *I* will keep back. Which should you rather do,—get into the wagon without me, or stay with me and get home in some other way?"

Mary Bell hesitated. Presently she said that she would *rather* stay with Wallace, if she could choose; but she thought that perhaps it would be better for her to get into the wagon, if they would allow her to do so.

"Very well," said Wallace, "we will try."

So saying, Wallace took out his white pocket-handkerchief and tied it by one corner to the end of his cane, as a signal that he wished to communicate with the party in the wagon. He waved it in the air, and then gave it to Malleville that she might go forward a little way, while he and Mary Bell remained stationary. He hoped that Caroline would understand that this was a signal that Malleville had a message

to communicate to her. Wallace also gave Malleville her message, with directions to go forward and communicate it in case the wagon should stop.

"What is that?" said Caroline, in the wagon. "It is a flag of truce, I verily believe. I thought that we could bring them to terms. Malleville is bringing it. Stop, Parker, and let us hear what they have to say."

THE FLAG OF TRUCE

So Parker reined in the horses, and in due time Malleville reached the wagon. As soon

as she was near enough to speak, she addressed Caroline as follows:

"Wallace says he wants to know if you are not willing to let Mary Bell and me get in; and he says that *he* will stay back, and that then you may make him walk three times as far as you were going to make us all walk; and that will be the same thing."

Caroline and all her party laughed very heartily at this proposal. The whole affair was to them nothing but amusement and pleasure; and, as is usually the case with those who amuse themselves at the expense of other people, they were entirely unconscious how much pain and distress they occasioned to the sufferers. They held a short consultation on the proposal which Malleville had offered, and then sent back word to Wallace, that they were willing to let Malleville get in, but not Mary Bell. Malleville, accordingly, returned with the flag of truce, and delivered it back to Wallace with Caroline's reply.

"Well," said Wallace. "Then you may go and get in, Malleville, or you may stay with us, whichever you please."

"Stay with us, Malleville," said Mary Bell.

"Well," said Malleville, "I will."

So Wallace put his handkerchief back into his pocket, and then took Malleville by the hand and walked along with her leisurely, by the side of Mary Bell. He did this to indicate to the party in the wagon, that he concluded not to accept their offer to admit Malleville into the wagon alone.

"Well," said Wallace, after going on in this manner a few minutes longer, "I think that we have followed them long enough; and now if they do not stop before they pass that next bend in the road, I shall then turn round and walk the other way.

"Well," said Mary Bell, "I am willing. Only," continued she, after a short pause, "they will stop pretty soon when they find that we are not coming, and wonder what has become of us."

"Yes," said Wallace.

"And after they have waited some time," said Mary Bell, "and we don't come, they will be very much frightened."

"Yes," said Wallace. "They deserve to be."

"And they won't know what to do," said Mary Bell. "They won't dare to go back without us, and leave us here ten miles from home. What will they do?"

Wallace and Mary Bell give up the pursuit.

"I don't know," said Wallace. "They must contrive a way themselves to get out of their own perplexities. It is as much as we can do to get out of ours. I don't think it is worth while for three persons on foot, who have been deserted ten miles from home, to trouble themselves much about how those who deserted them, and who have a wagon and a good pair of horses, are to get home."

By this time the wagon began to disappear around a turn in the road, at a little distance from the place where Wallace and his party were walking. As soon as it had fairly gone out of view, Wallace immediately turned round, with Mary Bell and Malleville, and began to walk the other way.

Mary Bell began to feel very seriously troubled and distressed. She knew very well that the responsibility and the duty of extricating them all from the unpleasant situation in which they were placed, devolved upon Wallace, and consequently, that it was very reasonable that his judgment should be allowed to determine what was to be done. She was, however, extremely unwilling to give up yet all hope of getting back into the wagon. She thought, too, that Parker and Caroline would certainly stop

for them very soon. So she ventured timidly to ask Wallace if he was not willing to go on a little farther.

"Why, Mary Bell," replied Wallace, "I am extremely unwilling to refuse any thing you ask of me; but I think we have followed them long enough. Besides," he continued, after pausing a moment, "I think, on the whole, it is actually better for you that I should act contrary to your wishes in such a case as this; for then you do not incur any part of the responsibility. You can tell your mother when you get home, that you went on following the wagon as long as I was willing to go; and that you wished to go on longer, but that I would not consent. And so, if there is any blame, it will come wholly upon me."

Mary Bell, finding that she could do no more, resigned herself to her fate, which was to be wholly dependent upon Wallace's ingenuity and energy for the means of getting home. She began to find, in fact, that it was very pleasant to be in such a situation, now that her mind was relieved from all sense of responsibility in respect to it. So she walked along with a very light and happy heart, not knowing, and not caring much what Wallace was going to do.

CHAPTER IX.

GETTING HOME.

IN justice to Caroline, it must be admitted that, in inducing Parker to drive on as she had done, thus compelling Wallace and Mary Bell to walk behind for so great a distance, she was wholly unaware of the degree of pain which she was occasioning them. The running away from them was, of course, quite amusing to herself, and to all who were comfortably seated with her in the wagon, and they did not consider how much solicitude and mortification it caused to those who were the sufferers by it. There are a great many circumstances which combine to make such an affair seem very different to the two parties that are concerned in it, and to prevent the one from understanding how it really affects the other.

There was, for example, in this case, a kind of suspense and solicitude, weighing all the time upon the minds of Wallace and Mary Bell, which Caroline, since she did not share it, did not consider. She herself had power to put an

end to the affair at any time. She was, in fact, almost every minute intending to stop the wagon the next minute; and although she did not thus stop, yet the thought that it was in her power to do so, gave a sort of composure to her mind, which was in strong contrast with the uncertainty, and the consequent solicitude and anxiety, which Mary Bell suffered, who was wholly in the dark in respect to the termination of the difficulty, and could not tell at all when her troubles would end.

Then, besides, the way seemed very much shorter to Caroline and her party, who were riding comfortably in their wagon, than it did to Wallace, Mary Bell, and Malleville, who walked wearily behind, and whose bodily fatigue was increased by the extreme mental uneasiness produced by their mortification and chagrin. If Caroline had had any distinct idea of the degree of pain which she occasioned, or even of the duration of time for which she continued it, she would have stopped long before she actually did stop. The very air of calmness and composure which Wallace and Mary Bell very properly assumed, helped to deceive Caroline, by concealing, as it did, the pain which they were really suffering. And thus it hap-

pened that she went on until Wallace's patience was exhausted, and he refused to follow her any farther.

It happened that Caroline's persistence in going on, came to an end very nearly at the same time that Wallace's patience in following was exhausted. Accordingly, very soon after the wagon had turned at the bend in the road, where it passed out of sight from the place where Wallace and his party were walking, Caroline asked Parker to stop and wait till they came in sight again.

"And, in fact," she continued, "we may as well stop and let them get in now. We will not make them walk *too* far."

So Parker stopped the wagon. Caroline and the party waited in it a few minutes, talking together at their ease, and looking for Wallace and the two girls to appear. They all sat with their heads turned back, watching for some time in vain, when Parker said, at length,

"Why don't they come?"

"I don't know," said Caroline. "Perhaps they have got tired, and are sitting down to rest. They will come pretty soon."

So they waited in the wagon some time longer, but nothing appeared.

"Jump down, Parker," said Caroline, and run back to the turn of the road, and see what has become of them."

Parker did so. When he reached the turn of the road, he stood there a minute or two looking earnestly along the road beyond, and then turned and came slowly back, saying, as he approached the wagon,

"I cannot see any thing of them."

"They have gone to hide somewhere in the bushes," said Caroline, "to teaze us and frighten us. But they will find they are mistaken. We will wait here a little while, and then if they don't come, we will go home without them."

So Caroline and her party waited ten minutes, but Wallace did not come.

"How provoking it is!" said Caroline. "It is four o'clock, and time that we were on our way home. I have a great mind to go on, and leave them altogether."

"Then how could they get home?" asked Parker.

"I don't know," said Caroline, "and I don't care. They have no business to keep us waiting so long. Suppose you go back and call for them," she added, after a moment's pause. "Perhaps they will hear you, and answer."

"Let us turn the wagon round and ride back," said Parker.

"Very well," replied Caroline, "that will be better."

So Parker drove on a short distance until he came to a broad place where he could turn the wagon. He then drove back slowly along the road, all the party looking intently and eagerly into the forests on either hand, and calling out, sometimes one, and sometimes the other,

WAL—LACE! WAL—LACE!

And then again,

MA—RY BELL! MA—RY BELL!

The sounds of their voices were echoed back from the mountain sides, but there was no other responding.

They now began to be, in their turn, quite seriously troubled. It was getting late, and it was obviously imprudent to remain there much longer, as they had now but little more than the necessary time to get home before dark. But then, on the other hand, the idea of going away and leaving Wallace and Mary Bell, and especially such a child as Malleville, in so lonely a place, and so far from home—ten miles at least, measured on any practicable road—

seemed wholly out of the question. They even thought it possible that the missing party might have strayed away into some bye-road, and so got lost in the woods. Thus, they began to be very seriously anxious and concerned, and were utterly at a loss to know what to do. They finally concluded that they must not remain any longer where they were, and Caroline proposed that they should drive on homeward as fast as possible in hopes of overtaking the other wagon, so as to tell the story to Beechnut, and procure his aid; for it was to Beechnut's judgment and sagacity that the ultimate appeal was made in all desperate emergencies. The parties in the wagon all approved of this plan, and so Parker, turning his horses' heads in the direction of home, drove forward as fast as possible.

In the mean time, Wallace and Mary Bell, accompanied all the time by Malleville, walked at their ease along the road down the river. It was a very pleasant afternoon, and the road soon leaving the woods, led them along the bank of the stream, where they had upon one side a beautiful view of the water, while upon the other there was a green field, bounded at a little distance by the margin of a grove. The place

Their pleasant walk along the bank of the river.

was very beautiful, though very wild and solitary, and Mary Bell and Malleville, having now giving up all thoughts of rejoining the party in the wagon, and having full confidence that Wallace would contrive some safe way or other for getting them home, enjoyed their walk very highly, talking with each other and with Wallace as they rambled along. Malleville sometimes stopped to watch the fishes, swimming in the water: she could see them very distinctly as she looked down from the top of the bank into the clear stream, which was rendered doubly transparent now by the brilliant rays of the autumnal sun reflected from the yellow sands at the bottom. Sometimes she gathered new flowers to add to her bouquet; and once she went down the bank to the margin of the water to get a round smooth stone which she saw there, and which she thought would make an excellent "warming-stone." What Malleville meant by a warming-stone, was a sort of round smooth stone, which she was accustomed to have in the winter to heat before the fire, and carry, wrapped in a flannel, in her lap, to keep her hands warm when she went to take a sleigh-ride.

The river was not very wide, but the water

was pretty deep, though it flowed, in this part of its course, in a smooth and tranquil current. There were distant farm-houses to be seen among the hills across the river, some of which Mary Bell soon began to recognize as houses situated not far from the place where Mrs. Henry lived. She told Wallace and Malleville that they were getting nearly opposite Mrs. Henry's. If they were only upon the other side of the river, she said, they could go directly home, and be there in a quarter of an hour: but she did not see, she added, how they were going to get across the stream.

"Oh, we shall have no difficulty in getting across," said Wallace. "I have got the plan all formed. I am going to take you over in a boat."

"In a boat?" asked Mary Bell. "How are you going to get a boat?"

"I am going to take ours," said Wallace.

He meant Mrs. Henry's. There was a brook which flowed into the river near Mrs. Henry's house, where Phonny and Malleville lived, and the mouth of this brook formed a little harbor, where there was a boat-house and a boat. There was a very pleasant beach along the river, near this place, the same that Phonny

and Malleville built a fire upon, when they were making maple sugar, as described in the volume of Franconia stories, entitled Malleville. Between the beach, upon the shore of the river, and the brook, there was a point of land where there was a great flat stone, called the May-stone. The May-stone was a famous landing-place for the boat, and the boat itself was often left there, tied to a strong post which Beechnut had set up upon the shore for this very purpose. It was this boat which Wallace referred to.

"But our boat is upon the other side of the river," said Malleville.

"Yes," said Wallace, "and I am going across to get it."

"But how are you going to get across?" asked Mary Bell.

"I am going to swim across," replied Wallace.

"To swim!" repeated Mary Bell, somewhat alarmed.

"Yes," replied Wallace. "I can swim across very easily, by taking off my jacket and my shoes. I am going to find a good seat here somewhere for you and Malleville, and then I am going down the bank of the river a little way, until I find a slab, or a piece of drift wood

of some kind or other, to take over with me. Then I shall take off my shoes, my cap, and my jacket, and tie them up in a bundle, and fasten them upon the slab, up above the water. Then I shall swim over the river, pushing the slab before me. When I land, I shall put on my jacket, my cap, and my shoes again, and walk up to the house. There I shall take off my wet clothes, and put on dry ones. Then I shall come back to the shore, and take the boat and come over here. Then you and Malleville can get in, and we can all go across the river together."

"That is a good plan," said Malleville.

Mary Bell said nothing. She was, in fact, a little afraid to have Wallace attempt to swim across so broad a river.

In a few minutes after this, the party came to a rocky point upon the bank, and when they got to the lower side of it, they found that Mrs. Henry's house, and the mouth of the brook, and the May-stone itself, were all in view.

"There's the boat," said Malleville, clapping her hands.

They all looked and saw that the boat was there, upon the farther side of the May-stone, being fastened, apparently, by the painter to the post upon the shore.

Wallace delivers his valuables to Mary Bell.

The rope by which a boat is tied is called the painter.

"Now you must sit down upon the rocks here," said Wallace to Mary Bell and Malleville, "while I go down the bank a little way to find my slab. Presently you will see me swimming out from the shore, pushing the slab before me."

"But you must keep my watch, for me, Mary Bell," he continued. "It would spoil my watch to get it wet."

So he took his watch out of his pocket, taking the guard over his head at the same time. It was a small gold watch, and very pretty. Wallace placed the guard around Mary Bell's neck, and put the watch into her hands; and she, after looking at it attentively a moment, placed it securely within her belt-ribbon. She had never had a gold watch in her hands before, and was very much pleased to be entrusted with such a charge. Wallace then took out his pencil-case, and gave her that also.

Malleville then wished to have something entrusted to *her* keeping, so Wallace gave her his pocket-book, and also some silver money and some keys. The money and the keys Malle-

ville put into her pocket, but the pocket-book she held in her hand.

Just as these arrangements were completed, Mary Bell seemed to observe something which attracted her attention, on the other side of the river.

"Who is that boy standing there?" she asked at length, after a little pause.—"He has got a dog, too.—The dog looks like Carlo.—I believe it is Carlo: and if it is, the boy must be John Thomas. He is one of our neighbor's boys, and Carlo goes off with him sometimes to play."

"Then he can bring the boat over for us," said Wallace.

"Oh no," said Mary Bell, "he is not large enough. He is a very small boy, no bigger than Malleville. It would not be safe to trust him in the boat."

Then after a moment's hesitation, she added, "I should rather trust Carlo. Carlo might perhaps bring the boat over."

Wallace laughed outright at this idea. He supposed, in fact, that Mary Bell was in joke.

"If Carlo only knew that I was over here," said Mary Bell, "and that I wanted the boat, to get home, and if Thomas would put the end of the rope in his mouth, he would swim across

and pull the boat after him. He is *very* strong."

Mary Bell then standing up upon the rocks, and perceiving that the boy on the other side had observed them, and was looking at them, called out with a loud voice.

JOHN THOM—AS!

There came back in reply a prolonged and distant "HAL—LOO!"

"Is that you?" called Mary Bell.

The voice answered "YES," in a tone loud though distant, and long drawn out.

"Shall I try to make Carlo come over?" said Mary Bell to Wallace.

"Yes," replied Wallace. "You may try, but I do not think you can do it."

Mary Bell then began to call Carlo by name many times, in the tone and manner which she was accustomed to use to him whenever she wished him to come,—though it must be confessed that such callings were usually in vain. In this case, however, her voice seemed to have a different effect. Carlo had, in fact, a great contempt for play of every kind, and he knew very well when children called him merely out of idle caprice. When, on the other hand, any real emergency occurred, and there was any

actual service to be rendered, he felt, at once, the dignity of the occasion, and all his energies were immediately aroused. In this case, accordingly, as soon as he heard Mary Bell's voice, and perceived that she was separated from him by the broad surface of the river, he supposed that it was not a case of mere play. He looked wildly across the water, barked, ran this way and that along the edge of the May-stone, stopped suddenly and looked at Mary Bell again, and then seemed on the point of leaping into the water.

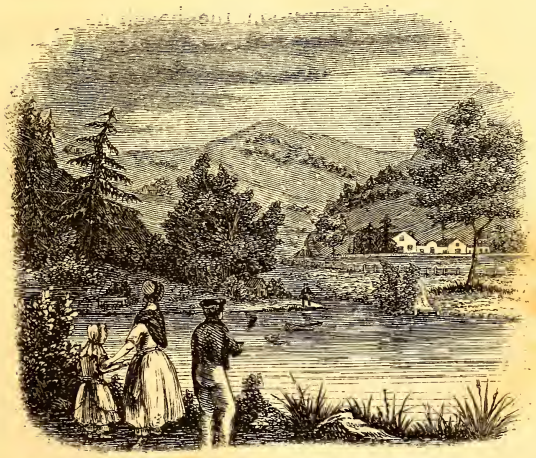
Mary Bell then called out again to John Thomas,

"Untie the boat, John, and give Carlo the end of the rope in his mouth."

John Thomas obeyed, calling to Carlo continually while he did so, in order to keep him back from the water until the rope was ready. Carlo was very much excited and very much perplexed. He ran first to John Thomas and the boat, and then back to the edge of the May-stone to take a look at Mary Bell, darting continually from one place to the other, and barking all the time. At length, John Thomas got the boat untied. He brought it around to the river side of the May-stone. He then of-

He takes the painter and swims across the river.

fered the end of the rope to Carlo, saying, "Seize it, Carlo!" pointing, at the same time, to the water. Carlo seemed at once to understand. He seized the end of the rope in his mouth and leaped into the river. Mary Bell at the same instant began to encourage him by calling to him from the opposite shore, while Malleville clapped her hands with delight, saying, "He is coming with the boat! He is coming! He is coming!"



BRINGING THE BOAT.

As Carlo came on, aiming, as he did, directly

across the river, the current began to carry him down the stream. Wallace and his party immediately began to move down too, so as to keep opposite to him all the time, in order to encourage and cheer him, and also to prevent his wasting his strength by attempting to swim up against the stream. He came on very slowly, but in due time he reached the shore. Wallace stood ready at the margin of the water to take the rope. Carlo delivered the rope to him as soon as he reached the land, and then scrambling up upon the beach he ran to Mary Bell, and standing directly before her he stopped and shook himself with such prodigious energy that he sprinkled her all over.

"Why, Carlo!" exclaimed Mary Bell, running back. "What a dog you are! Who would think that you would have sense enough to bring a boat over the river, and not have too much sense to sprinkle your drippings all over me."

The rest of the story is, of course, soon told. The party crossed the river readily in the boat, with Carlo in the bow. When they landed, Mary Bell asked John Thomas how he came to be there. He said that he had come to get a ride home with her when the party should have

returned from their ride in the wagons. He did not expect, he said, that she would come home in a boat across the river. He, of course, lost his expected ride, for Mary Bell walked home. Wallace went with her, and she gave him back his watch and pencil-case at the door.

That evening, just after sunset, Malleville was swinging upon the front-gate at Mrs. Henry's house, waiting for the wagons to come. We left Caroline, it will be recollected, very much perplexed to know what to do, and determined to ride on as fast as possible to overtake Beechnut in order to refer the difficulty to him. Beechnut was, however, so far in advance that it was very hard to overtake him. Parker drove as fast as he could, but he reached the bridge, which was about half-way home, before he saw any thing of the forward wagon. At length, it came into view at some distance before them. As soon as Parker was near enough to be heard, he called out to Beechnut to stop, and Caroline then, without waiting to get any nearer, called out too, to tell him that they had lost some of their party.

"How did you lose them?" asked Beechnut.

"Why they strayed away from us," replied

Caroline, "And did not come back. We waited until we thought it was not worth while to wait any longer, and then we came along."

"How came they to stray away?" asked Beechnut.

"Why, to tell the truth," said Caroline, "we began it by running away from *them*."

"O, aye!" said Beechnut, "that was the case, was it."

"What had we better do?" asked Caroline.

"Who are they?" asked Beechnut.

The heads were so numerous in the two wagons, that Beechnut could not tell who were missing.

"Why, there was Wallace," said Caroline, "and—"

"Oh, Mr. Wallace was one, was he?" said Beechnut.

"Yes," replied Caroline.

"Oh, very well, then," said Beechnut, "we have nothing more to do about it. We will go on."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" asked Caroline.

"Why I mean," said Beechnut, "that there is no possible situation in which you can place Mr. Wallace, but that he will take much better

care of himself, than you and I can take for him."

So saying, Beechnut started his horses and drove on.

When the wagons arrived near to Mrs. Henry's house, Beechnut turned off into another road, to take those who were in his wagon to their respective homes. The other wagon was to go directly by Mrs. Henry's. Caroline felt very anxious and unhappy, though she could not help hoping to hear something of her missing friends, when she should get to the house.

Malleville saw them coming. "Now," said she to herself, "I mean to pay them for hoping that we were having a pleasant walk."

The moment, therefore, that the wagon came within hearing, and before, in fact, Caroline could see who it was that was swinging on the gate, Malleville called out, mimicking Caroline's manner,

"I hope, ladies and gentlemen, that you are having a very pleasant ride."

"Why, Malleville," exclaimed Caroline. "How did you get home? And have Wallace and Mary Bell got home too?"

"Yes," said Malleville, "long ago."

"I am so glad," said Caroline; "but how did you get home?"

"Guess," said Malleville. She said this, however, in a tone which plainly indicated that she did not intend to tell. So Parker drove on.

Early the next morning, a boy came to Mrs. Bell's with a note for Mary. She opened it and found it was from Caroline. It was as follows:—

"MY DEAR MARY BELL,—

"I am so ashamed of myself for running away from you yesterday, that I do not know what to say or do. It was so ungrateful, when Wallace took so much pains to plan the excursion for us, and to get the wagons and the horses. And then, too, to take advantage of his going away to get some water for *me*. I can not write a note to him, and I am ashamed to speak to him about it, but I wish you would tell him how badly I feel.

"Your true friend,

"CAROLINE KEEP."

Mary Bell sent the note itself to Wallace. When Wallace had read it, he put it carefully into his pocket-book, and said,

"Well, Caroline is a noble girl after all."

CHAPTER X.

THE DRAWING-SCHOOL.

AT one time Mary Bell had a little drawing-school. There were six scholars in her class, and they met once a week in Mary Bell's chamber. The circumstances which led to the establishment of this class, were these :

One day when Beechnut was at work in Mrs. Henry's garden, Phonny and Malleville were playing keep school in a corner of the yard. After continuing their play for some time, they began to get tired of it, and accordingly they proposed to go out into the garden and see what Beechnut was doing.

Phonny had been the teacher in the school, and Malleville the scholar. They got tired of their play partly because Phonny compelled Malleville to sit rather too long, by herself, upon a certain stone step which was near at hand, as a punishment for some imaginary offense against the rules of his school. He forgot, as children very often do in such cases, that though it was very good amusement for

him to send Malleville there, it was not very amusing for her to stay there so long. Malleville became tired after a little time, and as Phonny did not call her back, she rose from her seat at length, of her own accord, and walked away, saying that she did not wish to play school any more. She said that she was going out into the garden to see Beechnut. So they both went out into the garden together. Malleville happened to have her slate under her arm. She had been using it in playing school.

Beechnut was at work in the garden putting a little walk in order, by smoothing the surface of it, trimming the edges, and raking away the grass and weeds. The walk led down toward a little brook which flowed through the back part of the garden. There was a smooth stone among the shrubbery near that part of the path where Beechnut was working, which the children were accustomed to use as a seat. Malleville sat down upon this stone.

As her eyes fell upon her slate she saw a little drawing there, one which she had made for her drawing lesson in the school. She thought that she would go and show it to Beechnut, and ask him if he did not think that it was pretty well done.

The garden stone. She shews her drawing to Beechnut.

THE GARDEN STONE.

So she walked to the place where Beechnut was at work, and holding the slate out to him, she said,

"See Beechnut!"

Beechnut turned his eyes toward the drawing, going on, however, all the time with his raking, and said,

"Yes, I see. Did you do that?"

"Yes," replied Malleville; "in Phonny's school. I did it all myself—alone."

"It is not every pupil that can say that of

the drawings that she shows," said Beechnut, going on with his work.

"What do you think it is?" asked Malleville. She wished to obtain from Beechnut some more decided expression of his opinion in respect to her drawing.

"A pair of tongs?" said Beechnut, speaking in the tone of one making a guess.

"No," said Malleville. And so saying, she began to look at her drawing again, to see whether it resembled a pair of tongs. "No," she continued, after thus looking at it a moment, "no, not that. Look at it again."

Beechnut stopped raking, looked at the drawing a moment again, and then said in the same inquiring tone.

"A tavern-sign between two tall posts?"

"No," said Malleville, "not that."

"A round-table on two legs, then," said Beechnut, in a tone of satisfaction, as if he thought that now he had got it.

"No," replied Malleville, "nothing like that."

"Then I can't guess," said Beechnut, despondingly.

"It is a *man*," said Malleville. "There is his head, and there are his legs," she added,

pointing, as she spoke to the different parts of the drawing.

"Only I forgot his eyes, and nose, and mouth," continued Malleville, after a moment's pause; and so saying, she sat down upon her stone again, and began to work very industriously to put in these features, so essential to the proper representation of a man.

"I forgot his face entirely," said Malleville.

"You forgot something more important than that," said Beechnut.

"What?" inquired Malleville.

"His *body*," replied Beechnut.

Malleville looked at her drawing again, and found it true, as Beechnut had represented, that the body was wholly omitted in her drawing. The legs grew out directly from the head.

"Yes," said she, "so I have. Well, now Beechnut," said she again, looking at her work a moment with a very disconsolate expression of countenance, "I wish you would draw me a man, and then I can see how it ought to be done."

Beechnut said that he would, and so taking Malleville's slate and pencil, he made, in a few

minutes, a very simple but spirited sketch of two boys, running. One was running after the other to get his cap. The foremost boy, who was running away with the cap, carried it upon the top of a long pole which he held in the air. The drawing was made in a very bold and free manner, and with very few strokes; but there was so much spirit and expression in the figures and in the action, that Malleville was very much amused with the work, and ran off to show it to Phonny.

Beechnut could really draw very well indeed. He had learned, as has already been stated, in France, before he came across the ocean to America.

After a little time, Phonny and Malleville came back to Beechnut again, bringing the slate with them. They came for the purpose of asking Beechnut whether he would not teach them to draw.

"Oh, no!" said Beechnut, "I can't do that; but I'll tell you what I *will* do for you."

"What?" asked Phonny.

"I will show you how that boy got his cap;" replied Beechnut.

"Well!" exclaimed Phonny and Malleville together, in a tone of great satisfaction.

Beechnut's second picture. Two things lacking.

So Beechnut took the slate and made another picture on the other side of it, representing the recovery of the cap. The boy who was running away with it had tumbled down, and lay now extended upon the ground. The pole was of course down too, and the cap had fallen off from the end of it—and the boy to whom the cap belonged, was in the act of picking it up. The boy who was getting his cap again, was laughing, while the countenance of the one who lay extended upon the ground, exhibited a most ludicrous expression of vexation and distress.

Beechnut gave the slate to Phonny when the picture was finished, and returned to his work. The picture amused the children for some time. At length they put the slate down upon the stone, and came to Beechnut to ask him why he was not willing to teach them to draw.

"Oh, there are two things lacking," said Beechnut.

"What are they?" asked Phonny.

"Why, I have not time, and you have not patience," replied Beechnut.

Phonny and Malleville both insisted that they had a great deal of patience, or at least that they would have, if he would teach them to draw.

Beechnut proposes Mary Bell for drawing teacher.

But Beechnut said that he could not undertake any such thing.

"But," said he, "there is Mary Bell to teach you to draw. She has got time. You must form a class of half a dozen, and go to her house Saturday afternoons."

"Well," said Phonny. "Let us do it, Malleville."

"I think it would really be a good plan," continued Beechnut, "if Mary Bell will consent. And then I can do something myself, perhaps, to help."

"What could you do?" asked Phonny.

"Why I will sharpen the pencils; and then, on rainy days, I will go around after the class, in the great wagon, and carry them to the school."

"Well!" said Malleville. "And come and get us again at the end of the school?"

"Yes," said Beechnut. "Then, besides," he continued, "perhaps I would draw you some patterns. I would agree to draw you patterns for the *tenth* lesson."

"Why not for the first?" asked Phonny.

"Oh, I should rather agree to draw them for the tenth," said Beechnut, "for by that plan I should expect not to have to draw them at all."

Beechnut will aid. Mrs. Henry approves of the plan.

"Why not?" asked Malleville.

"Why, because," rejoined Beechnut, "I don't suppose that you would have perseverance enough to get to the tenth lesson. I suppose you would draw two or three lessons, and that that would be the end of it."

Phonny and Malleville were very earnest in assuring Beechnut that they certainly should have perseverance enough to draw ten lessons and more too; and Beechnut said that he would agree to draw a set of patterns, one for each of the class, to be used for the tenth lesson, if the class should ever get so far. He said, besides, that he would draw up some rules for the class, if Mary Bell should wish it.

"Oh, no!" said Phonny. "Mary Bell would rather make her own rules."

"Very well," replied Beechnut. "Just as she pleases about that."

Phonny and Malleville went immediately in, and explained the plan to Mrs. Henry, who said that she had no objection to it at all,—but considered it, on the other hand, a very excellent plan, if Mary Bell was willing to have such a class. Phonny and Malleville went that very afternoon to ask her. She laughed at hearing the proposal at first, and said that she could not

be a teacher; she knew too little about drawing herself, she said, to attempt to teach any other persons.

Mary Bell could, in fact, draw very prettily. She began to learn a number of years before this time, at Mary Erskine's. Mary Erskine was a girl who lived at Mrs. Bell's when Mary Bell was a child, and who afterward married a young farmer, and lived a mile or two from Mrs. Bell's. It was there that Mary Bell had begun to learn to draw, and though she had had very little instruction, she had continued to practice in a very careful and attentive manner ever since, and had made great progress. In fact, patience and perseverance, directed by good taste and sound judgment, will enable a person to make great progress in almost any attempted attainment, with very little aid from others.

Still Mary Bell, though she would have liked very well to have had such a class as Beechnut proposed, was distrustful of her powers, and she seemed very reluctant to undertake the charge, until at length Phonny, in giving an account of Beechnut's conversation, came to mention the proposal that Beechnut had made, to write some rules for the guidance of the class.

"Well," said Mary Bell, when she heard that, "perhaps I will take the class, if Beechnut will make the rules."

"But I told him," replied Phonny, "that you would wish to make your own rules."

"Oh, no," said Mary Bell. "I would much rather that he should make them. And you and Malleville must find the scholars."

So Phonny and Malleville came home and told Beechnut that the plan was all agreed to, and that Mary Bell wished to have him make the rules, and that they were to find the scholars.

"Very well," replied Beechnut. "I will make the rules this evening, and give them to you to-morrow. I will write them all down upon a piece of paper."

When Beechnut made this promise, he fully intended to have kept it, but he found in the evening that it would be difficult to write all that he wished to say, and so the next morning he told Phonny and Malleville that he had thought of a better plan, which was for them to invite Mary Bell to come and take tea with them that afternoon, and then for her to come out with them, after tea, into the garden, where he was at work, and he would explain fully, in words, to her, the plan and arrangements which

he proposed that she should adopt. He could explain every thing, he said, so much better in words than he could in writing.

This plan appeared very reasonable to Phonny and Malleville, and it was accordingly adopted. Mary Bell came and took tea at Mrs. Henry's, and after tea she went out with Phonny and Malleville into the garden to find Beechnut. The following conversation occurred there :

"In the first place," said Beechnut, "I would have only six in the class. Six are as many as can stand together around you to see you draw; and it is very important that they should see you draw."

"Yes," said Mary Bell, "I think that six will be enough."

"When they come together the first time," continued Beechnut, "spend half an hour in drawing six patterns for them. These patterns must be some little landscapes suitable for beginners. You can draw six in half an hour,—such simple lessons as they need. You must talk to them a great deal while you are drawing, explaining every thing that you do, and the reasons for it, so as to give them as many directions as possible to guide them in their own work.

"Then," continued Beechnut, "give them all pieces of paper of the same size, and also pencils and every thing else that they need, and set them up at the table. It is very important to get them seated high enough, so that their arms will rest properly upon the table. They can not do any thing without that.

"Then I shall have to get some cushions for the younger ones," said Mary Bell.

"Yes," said Beechnut, "and big books: or perhaps you may find some low table in the house."

"When they are all ready to begin," continued Beechnut, "you must tell them that they can only have one paper for each lesson, and, therefore, they must be careful in all that they do upon it; and that their work, when it is finished, must belong to you."

"To me!" said Mary Bell.

"Yes, to you," replied Beechnut. "You must claim all the drawings that they make, as your property. Tell the scholars that you are going to paste them into a big book, and keep them to look at as long as you live."

"Oh, no," said Malleville, who was standing by all the time, and listening to the conversation; "we shall want our drawings ourselves."

"Well," said Beechnut, "Mary Bell can do as she pleases. I advise her, however, to let you draw a picture for yourselves the last day, but to tell the class that the rest of the drawings that they make, are to be hers. She can give them to you afterwards, if she pleases; but if you know that they are all to be at her disposal, you will be a great deal more careful in your work, and so make twice as much progress in learning."

"Then," continued Beechnut, speaking again to Mary Bell, "when the class are all ready to begin their drawing, tell them that they are to draw one hour, all in silence, unless you speak to them. In that case, of course, they may answer. Otherwise they must not speak a word."

"Must not they ask me any questions?" said Mary Bell.

"No," replied Beechnut, "not one. Nobody can learn to draw until they can learn to work industriously and patiently by themselves, without having somebody looking over them all the time, and encouraging them, and helping them, and coaxing them along. They must learn to act independently, and you may as well begin with them at the beginning. You may speak *to them*, if you please, if you see them doing any

thing wrong, especially for one or two of the first lessons; but the sooner you begin to leave them entirely to themselves, for the whole hour, the better it will be for them."

"Your six patterns," continued Beechnut, "will last your class six lessons, that is, six weeks, for you will have only one lesson a week."

"Why, no," replied Mary Bell, "for there are to be six scholars, and so all the six patterns will be needed the first day."

"That is true," replied Beechnut, "but by letting the class change them among each other, they will all have a new pattern the second day, and so on for six days, without your having to draw any new ones. At the end of that time, each of the class will have drawn all the six patterns which you made at first. But then by that time you will have been able to draw six more, for a second set, by drawing half an hour at the beginning of every lesson. This second set will be much more advanced than the first set, for you will have had half an hour for each one of the patterns. The scholars will want to begin the second set before they have finished the first, but you must not allow them to do so. You must only let them have one pattern for

each day, and require them to take pains with it, and to draw it as well as they possibly can. Thus the first set of lessons will last six weeks, and the second set six weeks, which will make twelve weeks; and that is as long as the class ought to be continued."

"Well," said Mary Bell, when Beechnut paused,—"I am sure that the *plan* is a very good one."

"And it is very easily executed," said Beechnut. "If you will carry it straight through, just as I have planned it for you, you will have a fine class; and they will learn a great deal about drawing."

"I don't think that I shall succeed very well," said Mary Bell, "but I mean to try."

Mary Bell did try, and she succeeded admirably well. She encountered, it is true, various difficulties, many of which were entirely unforeseen; but as she was patient and persevering, and also very firm and decided, as well as good-natured and gentle, she overcame all the obstacles that appeared in the way, and the class went on in a very pleasant and prosperous manner. The lessons continued during the whole twelve weeks. The children understood

The parents of her pupils pleased. The parcel.

that the drawings that they made all belonged to Mary Bell, to be disposed of, at the end of the class, just as she should please; and thus they all took great pains with every lesson. Mary Bell concluded, on the whole, however, at the end of the course, to give back the drawings to the pupils themselves again. So she numbered them all in order, and put them up in neat envelopes, and gave each one her own set to carry home and show to her father and mother. The parents were all very much surprised indeed to see what excellent progress the children had made.

In fact, Mary Bell received, about two weeks after the close of her class, a proof of the value which the parents of her pupils attached to the instructions that she had given them, which afforded her a great gratification. She had been out one afternoon just before tea, to take a walk. It was a cold but still day in December. When she came in, she went up stairs to put away her bonnet and cloak. She found her mother up stairs, sitting by a fire in one of the chambers. Her mother asked her if she had found her parcel. Mary Bell asked what parcel. Her mother told her that there was a

parcel for her down in the sitting-room. Phonny had left it there for her, she said.

"What is it?" asked Mary Bell.

"I do not know," replied her mother. "Phonny just came to the door and said that there was something for you, and then he went directly away again."

"How big is the parcel?" asked Mary Bell.

"Not very large," replied her mother. "It feels pretty hard, but it is not very heavy."

"I mean to go down," said Mary Bell, "and see what it is."

So saying, she ran down stairs in search of her parcel.

She found, on opening it, that the article within, whatever it might be, was very carefully put up in several envelopes, one within the other. The innermost of these envelopes was formed of a very delicate and white kind of paper, called silk paper, on removing which there appeared to view a beautiful little silver tumbler, very elegant in its form, and highly ornamented with engraved borders and designs. On examining these engravings, Mary Bell was equally astonished and delighted. At the top there was a beautiful wreath of flowers passing

entirely around the margin, except that on one side there was an open space, in the middle of which there was carved in ornamented letters the name MARY BELL. Below this there was a series of six small landscapes extending around the tumbler, in the center of it, which, on examination, Mary Bell found to be the very landscapes which she had drawn for her class for their first set of lessons, only now, being elegantly cut in the silver, they appeared extremely beautiful. Below these landscapes, and passing round the tumbler, near the bottom, was another double wreath of flowers, or rather two connected wreaths, the lower one of which hung in six festoons, leaving six small spaces, in which the names of Mary Bell's pupils were inserted in small and delicate letters. These names were Alphonzo, William, Augusta, Emma, Lucy, and Malleville.

Within the tumbler was a little slip of paper, on which was written:

"From the parents of Mary Bell's pupils in Drawing."

Mary Bell liked her tumbler very much indeed; she, however, told her mother that she thought Beechnut deserved it more than she.

Mary Bell shews her present to Beechnut.

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Because," said Mary Bell, "the drawing class was his plan, and he contrived all the arrangements for me, and told me exactly what to do."

"Then I think," replied her mother, "that you had better show your silver tumbler to him, that he may see what a beautiful present he was the means of procuring for you."

Mary Bell did accordingly carry the silver tumbler, and show it to Beechnut the next day. Beechnut was very much pleased to see it. It gave him, in fact, a double pleasure. He was glad, in the first place, that Mary Bell had received such a present, and then he was still more gratified at her coming to show it to him.

THE END.